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THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

VOL. I.

THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

Brooke (Frances)

By the AUTHOR of
LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

VOL. I.

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M.DCC.LXXXIV.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GUY CARLETON, Eſq.

GOVERNOR

AND

COMMANDER IN CHIEF

OF

His Majeſty's Province of QUEBEC,
&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

AS the ſcene of ſo great a part of the following work is laid in Canada, I flatter myſelf there is a peculiar propriety in addreſſing it to your Excellency, to whoſe probity

and enlightened attention the colony owes its happineſs, and individuals that tranquillity of mind, without which there can be no exertion of the powers of either the underſtanding or imagination.

Were I to ſay all your Excellency has done to diffuſe, through this province, ſo happy under your command, a ſpirit of loyalty and attachment to our excellent Sovereign, of chearful obedience to the laws, and of that union which makes the ſtrength of government, I ſhould hazard your eſteem by doing you juſtice.

I will,

I will, therefore, only beg leave to add mine to the general voice of Canada; and to aſſure your Excellency, that

I am,

With the utmoſt eſteem

and reſpect,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

London,
March 22, 1769.

FRANCES BROOKE.

THE

HISTORY

OF

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER I.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; at Paris.

Cowes, April 10, 1766.

AFTER ſpending two or three very agreeable days here, with a party of friends, in exploring the beauties of the Iſland, and dropping a tender tear at

Carisbrook Castle on the memory of the unfortunate Charles the First, I am just setting out for America, on a scheme I once hinted to you, of settling the lands to which I have a right as a lieutenant-colonel on half pay. On enquiry and mature deliberation, I prefer Canada to New-York for two reasons, that it is wilder, and that the women are handsomer: the first, perhaps, every body will not approve; the latter, I am sure, *you* will.

You may perhaps call my project romantic, but my active temper is ill suited to the lazy character of a reduc'd officer: besides that I am too proud to narrow my circle of life, and not quite unfeeling enough to break in on the little estate which is scarce sufficient to support my mother and sister in the manner to which they have been accustom'd.

What you call a sacrifice, is none at all; I love England, but am not obstinately chain'd

chain'd down to any ſpot of earth; nanure has charms every where for a man willing to be pleaſed: at my time of life, the very change of place is amuſing; love of variety, and the natural reſtleſſneſs of man, would give me a reliſh for this voyage, even if I did not expect, what I really do, to become lord of a principality which will put our large-acred men in England out of countenance. My ſubjects indeed at preſent will be only bears and elks, but in time I hope to ſee the *human face divine* multiplying around me; and, in thus cultivating what is in the rudeſt ſtate of nature, I ſhall taſte one of the greateſt of all pleaſures, that of creation, and ſee order and beauty gradually riſe from chaos.

The veſſel is unmoor'd; the winds are fair; a gentle breeze agitates the boſom of the deep; all nature ſmiles: I go with all the eager hopes of a warm imagina-

tion; yet friendſhip caſts a lingering look behind.

Our mutual loſs, my dear Temple, will be great. I ſhall never ceaſe to regret you, nor will you find it eaſy to replace the friend of your youth. You may find friends of equal merit; you may eſteem them equally; but few connexions form'd after five-and-twenty ſtrike root like that early ſympathy, which united us almoſt from infancy, and has increas'd to the very hour of our ſeparation.

What pleaſure is there in the friendſhips of the ſpring of life, before the world, the mean unfeeling ſelfiſh world, breaks in on the gay miſtakes of the juſt-expanding heart, which ſees nothing but truth, and has nothing but happineſs in proſpect!

I am not ſurpriz'd the heathens rais'd altars to friendſhip: 'twas natural for untaught

taught ſuperſtition to deify the ſource of every good; they worſhip'd friendſhip, which animates the moral world, on the ſame principle as they paid adoration to the ſun, which gives life to the world of nature.

I am ſummon'd on board. Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER II.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, June 27.

I HAVE this moment your letter, my dear; I am happy to hear my mother has been amus'd at Bath, and not at all ſurpriz'd to find ſhe rivals you in your conqueſts. By the way, I am not ſure ſhe is not handſomer, notwithſtanding you tell

me you are handſomer than ever: I am aſtoniſh'd ſhe will lead a tall daughter about with her thus, to let people into a ſecret they would never ſuſpect, that ſhe is paſt five-and-twenty.

You are a fooliſh girl, Lucy: do you think I have not more pleaſure in continuing to my mother, by coming hither, the little indulgencies of life, than I could have had by enjoying them myſelf? pray reconcile her to my abſence, and aſſure her ſhe will make me happier by jovially enjoying the trifle I have aſſign'd to her uſe, than by procuring me the wealth of a Nabob, in which ſhe was to have no ſhare.

But to return; you really, Lucy, aſk me ſuch a million of queſtions, 'tis impoſſible to know which to anſwer firſt; the country, the convents, the balls, the ladies, the beaux—'tis a hiſtory, not a letter, you demand,

mand, and it will take me a twelvemonth to ſatisfy your curioſity.

Where ſhall I begin? certainly with what muſt firſt ſtrike a ſoldier: I have ſeen then the ſpot where the amiable hero expir'd in the arms of victory; have traced him ſtep by ſtep with equal aſtoniſhment and admiration: 'tis here alone it is poſſible to form an adequate idea of an enterprize, the difficulties of which muſt have deſtroy'd hope itſelf had they been foreſeen.

The country is a very fine one: you ſee here not only the *beautiful* which it has in common with Europe, but the *great ſublime* to an amazing degree; every object here is magnificent: the very people ſeem almoſt another ſpecies, if we compare them with the French from whom they are deſcended.

On approaching the coaſt of America, I felt a kind of religious veneration, on ſeeing rocks which almoſt touch'd the clouds, cover'd with tall groves of pines that ſeemed coeval with the world itſelf: to which veneration the ſolemn ſilence not a little contributed; from Cape Roſieres, up the river St. Lawrence, during a courſe of more than two hundred miles, there is not the leaſt appearance of a human foot-ſtep; no objects meet the eye but mountains, woods, and numerous rivers, which ſeem to roll their waters in vain.

It is impoſſible to behold a ſcene like this without lamenting the madneſs of mankind, who, more mercileſs than the fierce inhabitants of the howling wilderneſs, deſtroy millions of their own ſpecies in the wild contention for a little portion of that earth, the far greater part of which remains yet unpoſſeſt, and courts the hand of labour for cultivation.

The

The river itſelf is one of the nobleſt in the world; it's breadth is ninety miles at it's entrance, gradually, and almoſt imperceptibly, decreaſing; interſpers'd with iſlands which give it a variety infinitely pleaſing, and navigable near five hundred miles from the ſea.

Nothing can be more ſtriking than the view of Quebec as you approach; it ſtands on the ſummit of a boldly-riſing hill, at the confluence of two very beautiful rivers, the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and, as the convents and other public buildings firſt meet the eye, appears to great advantage from the port. The iſland of Orleans, the diſtant view of the caſcade of Montmorenci, and the oppoſite village of Beauport, ſcattered with a pleaſing irregularity along the banks of the river St. Charles, add greatly to the charms of the proſpect.

I have juſt had time to obſerve, that the Canadian ladies have the vivacity of the French, with a ſuperior ſhare of beauty: as to balls and aſſemblies, we have none at preſent, it being a kind of interregnum of government: if I choſe to give you the political ſtate of the country, I could fill volumes with the *pours* and the *contres*; but I am not one of thoſe ſagacious obſervers, who, by ſtaying a week in a place, think themſelves qualified to give, not only it's natural, but it's moral and political hiſtory: beſides which, you and I are rather too young to be very profound politicians. We are in expectation of a ſucceſſor from whom we hope a new golden age; I ſhall then have better ſubjects for a letter to a lady.

Adieu! my dear girl! ſay every thing for me to my mother. Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Col. RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, April 30.

INDEED! gone to people the wilds of America, Ned, and multiply the *human face divine?* 'tis a project worthy a tall handſome colonel of twenty-ſeven: let me ſee; five feet eleven inches, well made, with fine teeth, ſpeaking eyes, a military air, and the look of a man of faſhion: ſpirit, generoſity, a good underſtanding, ſome knowledge, an eaſy addreſs, a compaſſionate heart, a ſtrong inclination for the ladies, and in ſhort every quality a gentleman ſhould have: excellent all theſe for colonization: *prenez garde, mes cheres dames.* You have nothing againſt you, Ned, but your modeſty; a very uſeleſs virtue on French ground, or indeed on any ground: I wiſh you had a little more

conſciouſneſs of your own merits: remember that *to know one's ſelf* the oracle of Apollo has pronounced to be the perfection of human wiſdom. Our fair friend Mrs. H— ſays, "Colonel Rivers wants "nothing to make him the moſt agree-"able man breathing but a little daſh of "the coxcomb."

For my part, I hate humility in a man of the world; 'tis worſe than even the hypocriſy of the ſaints: I am not ignorant, and therefore never deny, that I am a very handſome fellow; and I have the pleaſure to find all the women of the ſame opinion.

I am juſt arriv'd from Paris: the divine Madame De —— is as lovely and as conſtant as ever; 'twas cruel to leave her, but who can account for the caprices of the heart? mine was the prey of a young unexperienc'd Engliſh charmer, juſt come out of a convent,

"The bloom of opening flowers—"

Ha,

Ha, Ned? But I forget; you are for the full-blown roſe: 'tis a happineſs, as we are friends, that 'tis impoſſible we can ever be rivals; a woman is grown out of my taſte ſome years before ſhe comes up to yours: abſolutely, Ned, you are too nice; for my part, I am not ſo delicate; youth and beauty are ſufficient for me; give me blooming ſeventeen, and I cede to you the whole empire of ſentiment.

This, I ſuppoſe, will find you trying the force of your deſtructive charms on the ſavage dames of America; chaſing females wild as the winds thro' woods as wild as themſelves: I ſee you purſuing the ſtately relict of ſome renowned Indian chief, ſome plump ſquaw arriv'd at the age of ſentiment, ſome warlike queen dowager of the Ottawas or Tuſcaroras.

And pray, *comment trouvez vous les dames ſauvages?* all pure and genuine nature, I ſuppoſe; none of the affected coyneſs

neſs of Europe: your attention there will be the more obliging, as the Indian heroes, I am told, are not very attentive to the charms of the *beau ſexe*.

You are very ſentimental on the ſubject of friendſhip; no one has more exalted notions of this ſpecies of affection than myſelf, yet I deny that it gives life to the moral world; a gallant man, like you, might have found a more animating principle:

O Venus! O Mere de l'Amour!

I am moſt gloriouſly indolent this morning, and would not write another line if the empire of the world (obſerve I do not mean the female world) depended on it.

Adieu!

J. TEMPLE.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, July 1.

'TIS very true, Jack, I have no reliſh for *the Miſſes*; for puling girls in hanging ſleeves, who feel no paſſion but vanity, and, without any diſtinguiſhing taſte, are dying for the firſt man who tells them they are handſome. Take your boarding-ſchool girls; but give me *a woman*; one, in ſhort, who has a ſoul; not a cold inanimate form, inſenſible to the lively impreſſions of real love, and unfeeling as the wax baby ſhe has juſt thrown away.

You will allow Prior to be no bad judge of female merit; and you may remember his Egyptian maid, the favorite of the

the luxurious King Solomon, is painted in full bloom.

By the way, Jack, there is generally a certain hoity-toity inelegance of form and manner at ſeventeen, which in my opinion is not balanc'd by freſhneſs of complexion, the only advantage girls have to boaſt of.

I have another objection to girls, which is, that they will eternally fancy every man they converſe with has deſigns; a coquet and a prude *in the bud* are equally diſagreeable; the former expects univerſal adoration, the latter is alarm'd even at that general civility which is the right of all their ſex; of the two however the laſt is, I think, much the moſt troubleſome; I wiſh theſe very apprehenſive young ladies knew, their *virtue* is not half ſo often in danger as they imagine, and that there are many male creatures to whom they may ſafely

ſhew politeneſs without being drawn into any conceſſions inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt honor. We are not half ſuch terrible animals as mammas, nurſes, and novels repreſent us; and, if my opinion is of any weight, I am inclin'd to believe thoſe tremendous men, who have deſigns on the whole ſex, are, and ever were, characters as fabulous as the giants of romance.

Women after twenty begin to know this, and therefore converſe with us on the footing of rational creatures, without either fearing or expecting to find every man a lover.

To do the ladies juſtice however, I have ſeen the ſame abſurdity in my own ſex, and have obſerved many a very good ſort of man turn pale at the politeneſs of an agreeable woman.

I lament

I lament this miſtake, in both ſexes, becauſe it takes greatly from the pleaſure of mix'd ſociety, the only ſociety for which I have any reliſh.

Don't, however, fancy that, becauſe I diſlike *the Miſſes*, I have a taſte for their grandmothers; there is a golden mean, Jack, of which you ſeem to have no idea.

You are very ill inform'd as to the manners of the Indian ladies; 'tis in the bud alone theſe wild roſes are acceſſible; liberal to profuſion of their charms before marriage, they are chaſtity itſelf after: the moment they commence wives, they give up the very idea of pleaſing, and turn all their thoughts to the cares, and thoſe not the moſt delicate cares, of domeſtic life: laborious, hardy, active, they plough the ground, they ſow, they reap; whilſt the haughty

haughty huſband amuſes himſelf with hunting, ſhooting, fiſhing, and ſuch exerciſes only as are the image of war; all other employments being, according to his idea, unworthy the dignity of man.

I have told you the labors of ſavage life, but I ſhould obſerve that they are only temporary, and when urged by the ſharp tooth of neceſſity: their lives are, upon the whole, idle beyond any thing we can conceive. If the Epicurean definition of happineſs is juſt, that it conſiſts in indolence of body, and tranquillity of mind, the Indians of both ſexes are the happieſt people on earth; free from all care, they enjoy the preſent moment, forget the paſt, and are without ſolicitude for the future: in ſummer, ſtretch'd on the verdant turf, they ſing, they laugh, they play, they relate ſtories of their ancient heroes to warm the youth to war; in winter, wrap'd in the furs

furs which bounteous nature provides them, they dance, they feaſt, and deſpiſe the rigors of the ſeaſon, at which the more effeminate Europeans tremble.

War being however the buſineſs of their lives, and the firſt paſſion of their ſouls, their very pleaſures take their colors from it: every one muſt have heard of the war dance, and their ſongs are almoſt all on the ſame ſubject: on the moſt diligent enquiry, I find but one love ſong in their language, which is ſhort and ſimple, tho' perhaps not inexpreſſible:

"I love you,
"I love you dearly,
"I love you all day long."

An old Indian told me, they had alſo ſongs of friendſhip, but I could never procure a tranſlation of one of them: on my preſſing this

this Indian to tranſlate one into French for me, he told me with a haughty air, the Indians were not us'd to make tranſlations, and that if I choſe to underſtand their ſongs I muſt learn their language. By the way, their language is extremely harmonious, eſpecially as pronounced by their women, and as well adapted to muſic as Italian itſelf. I muſt not here omit an inſtance of their independent ſpirit, which is, that they never would ſubmit to have the ſervice of the church, tho' they profeſs the Romiſh religion, in any language but their own; the women, who have in general fine voices, ſing in the choir with a taſte and manner that would ſurprize you, and with a devotion that might edify more poliſh'd nations.

The Indian women are tall and well ſhaped; have good eyes, and before marriage are, except their color, and their coarſe

coarſe greaſy black hair, very far from being diſagreeable; but the laborious life they afterwards lead is extremely unfavorable to beauty; they become coarſe and maſculine, and loſe in a year or two the power as well as the deſire of pleaſing. To compenſate however for the loſs of their charms, they acquire a new empire in marrying; are conſulted in all affairs of ſtate, chuſe a chief on every vacancy of the throne, are ſovereign arbiters of peace and war, as well as of the fate of thoſe unhappy captives that have the misfortune to fall into their hands, who are adopted as children, or put to the moſt cruel death, as the wives of the conquerors ſmile or frown.

A Jeſuit miſſionary told me a ſtory on this ſubject, which one cannot hear without horror: An Indian woman with whom he liv'd on his miſſion was feeding her children, when her huſband brought in an

Engliſh priſoner; ſhe immediately cut off his arm, and gave her children the ſtreaming blood to drink: the Jeſuit remonſtrated on the cruelty of the action, on which, looking ſternly at him, "I would have them "warriors," ſaid ſhe, "and therefore feed "them with the food of men."

This anecdote may perhaps diſguſt you with the Indian ladies, who certainly do not excel in female ſoftneſs. I will therefore turn to the Canadian, who have every charm except that without which all other charms are to me inſipid, I mean ſenſibility: they are gay, coquet, and ſprightly; more gallant than ſenſible; more flatter'd by the vanity of inſpiring paſſion, than capable of feeling it themſelves; and, like their European countrywomen, prefer the outward attentions of unmeaning admiration to the real devotion of the heart. There is not perhaps on earth a race of females, who talk ſo much, or feel ſo little, of love as the French; the very reverſe is in general

ral true of the Engliſh: my fair country-women ſeem aſhamed of the charming ſentiment to which they are indebted for all their power.

Adieu! I am going to attend a very handſome French lady, who allows me the honor to drive her *en calache* to our Canadian Hyde Park, the road to St. Foix, where you will ſee forty or fifty calaſhes, with pretty women in them, parading every evening: you will allow the apology to be admiſſible.

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, July 4.

WHAT an inconſtant animal is man! do you know, Lucy, I begin to be tir'd of the lovely landſcape round me? I have enjoy'd from it all the pleaſure mere inanimate objects can give, and find 'tis a pleaſure that ſoon ſatiates, if not relieved by others which are more lively. The ſcenery is to be ſure divine, but one grows weary of mere ſcenery: the moſt enchanting proſpect ſoon loſes its power of pleaſing, when the eye is accuſtom'd to it: we gaze at firſt tranſported on the charms of nature, and fancy they will pleaſe for ever; but, alas! it will not do; we ſigh for ſociety, the converſation of thoſe dear to us; the more animated pleaſures of the heart. There are fine women, and men of merit

here; but, as the affections are not in our power, I have not yet felt my heart gravitate towards any of them. I muſt abſolutely ſet in earneſt about my ſettlement, in order to emerge from the ſtate of vegetation into which I ſeem falling.

But to your laſt: you aſk me a particular account of the convents here. Have you an inclination, my dear, to turn nun? if you have, you could not have applied to a properer perſon; my extreme modeſty and reſerve, and my ſpeaking French, having made me already a great favourite with the older part of all the three communities, who unanimouſly declare colonel Rivers to be *un tres aimable homme*, and have given me an unlimited liberty of viſiting them whenever I pleaſe: they now and then treat *me* with a ſight of ſome of the young ones, but this is a favor not allow'd to all the world.

There

There are three religious houſes at Quebec, ſo you have choice; the Urſulines, the Hotel Dieu, and the General Hoſpital. The firſt is the ſevereſt order in the Romiſh church, except that very cruel one which denies its fair votaries the ineſtimable liberty of ſpeech. The houſe is large and handſome, but has an air of gloomineſs, with which the black habit, and the livid paleneſs of the nuns, extremely correſponds. The church is, contrary to the ſtyle of the reſt of the convent, ornamented and lively to the laſt degree. The ſuperior is an Engliſh woman of good family, who was taken priſoner by the ſavages when a child, and plac'd here by the generoſity of a French officer. She is one of the moſt amiable women I ever knew, with a benevolence in her countenance which inſpires all who ſee her with affection: I am very fond of her converſation, tho' ſixty and a nun.

The Hotel Dieu is very pleaſantly ſituated, with a view of the two rivers, and the entrance of the port: the houſe is chearful, airy, and agreeable; the habit extremely becoming, a circumſtance a handſome woman ought by no means to overlook; 'tis white with a black gauze veil, which would ſhew your complexion to great advantage. The order is much leſs ſevere than the Urſulines, and I might add, much more uſeful, their province being the care of the ſick: the nuns of this houſe are ſprightly, and have a look of health which is wanting in the Urſulines.

The General Hoſpital, ſituated about a mile out of town, on the borders of the river St. Charles, is much the moſt agreeable of the three. The order and the habit are the ſame with the Hotel Dieu, except that to the habit is added the croſs, generally worn in Europe by canoneſſes only: a diſtinction procur'd for them by their

their founder, St. Vallier, the ſecond biſhop of Quebec. The houſe is, without, a very noble building; and neatneſs, elegance and propriety reign within. The nuns, who are all of the nobleſſe, are many of them handſome, and all genteel, lively, and well bred; they have an air of the world, their converſation is eaſy, ſpirited, and polite: with them you almoſt forget the recluſe in the woman of condition. In ſhort, you have the beſt nuns at the Urſulines, the moſt agreeable women at the General Hoſpital: all however have an air of chagrin, which they in vain endeavour to conceal; and the general eagerneſs with which they tell you unaſk'd they are happy, is a ſtrong proof of the contrary.

Tho' the moſt indulgent of all men to the follies of others, eſpecially ſuch as have their ſource in miſtaken devotion; tho' willing to allow all the world to play the fool their own way, yet I cannot help

being fir'd with a degree of zeal againſt an inſtitution equally incompatible with public good, and private happineſs; an inſtitution which cruelly devotes beauty and innocence to ſlavery, regret, and wretchedneſs; to a more irkſome impriſonment than the ſevereſt laws inflict on the worſt of criminals.

Could any thing but experience, my dear Lucy, make it be believ'd poſſible that there ſhould be rational beings, who think they are ſerving the God of mercy by inflicting on themſelves voluntary tortures, and cutting themſelves off from that ſtate of ſociety in which he has plac'd them, and for which they were form'd? by renouncing the beſt affections of the human heart, the tender names of friend, of wife, of mother? and, as far as in them lies, counterworking creation? by ſpurning from them every amuſement however innocent, by refuſing the gifts of that beneficent power who

who made us to be happy, and deſtroying his moſt precious gifts, health, beauty, ſenſibility, chearfulneſs, and peace!

My indignation is yet awake, from having ſeen a few days ſince at the Urſulines, an extreme lovely young girl, whoſe countenance ſpoke a ſoul form'd for the moſt lively, yet delicate, ties of love and friendſhip, led by a momentary enthuſiaſm, or perhaps by a childiſh vanity artfully excited, to the foot of thoſe altars, which ſhe will probably too ſoon bathe with the bitter tears of repentance and remorſe.

The ceremony, form'd to ſtrike the imagination, and ſeduce the heart of unguarded youth, is extremely ſolemn and affecting; the proceſſion of the nuns, the ſweetneſs of their voices in the choir, the dignified devotion with which the charming enthuſiaſt received the veil, and took the cruel vow which ſhut her from the world for ever, ſtruck my heart in ſpite of my reaſon, and

I felt myſelf touch'd even to tears by a ſuperſtition I equally pity and deſpiſe.

I am not however certain it was the ceremony which affected me thus ſtrongly; it was impoſſible not to feel for this amiable victim; never was there an object more intereſting; her form was elegance itſelf; her air and motion animated and graceful; the glow of pleaſure was on her cheek, the fire of enthuſiaſm in her eyes, which are the fineſt I ever ſaw: never did I ſee joy ſo livelily painted on the countenance of the happieſt bride; ſhe ſeem'd to walk in air; her whole perſon look'd more than human.

An enemy to every ſpecies of ſuperſtition, I muſt however allow it to be leaſt deſtructive to true virtue in your gentle ſex, and therefore to be indulg'd with leaſt danger: the ſuperſtition of men is gloomy and ferocious; it lights the fire, and points the dagger of the aſſaſſin; whilſt that of women

men takes its color from the ſex; is ſoft, mild, and benevolent; exerts itſelf in acts of kindneſs and charity, and ſeems only ſubſtituting the love of God to that of man.

Who can help admiring, whilſt they pity, the foundreſs of the Urſuline convent, Madame de la Peltrie, to whom the very colony in ſome meaſure owes its exiſtence? young, rich, and lovely; a widow in the bloom of life, miſtreſs of her own actions, the world was gay before her, yet ſhe left all the pleaſures that world could give, to devote her days to the ſeverities of a religion ſhe thought the only true one: ſhe dar'd the dangers of the ſea, and the greater dangers of a ſavage people; ſhe landed on an unknown ſhore, ſubmitted to the extremities of cold and heat, of thirſt and hunger, to perform a ſervice ſhe thought acceptable to the Deity. To an action like this, however miſtaken the motive, bigotry alone will deny praiſe: the man of candor will only lament that minds

capable of ſuch heroic virtue are not directed to views more conducive to their own and the general happineſs.

I am unexpectedly call'd this moment, my dear Lucy, on ſome buſineſs to Montreal, from whence you ſhall hear from me.

Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER VI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Montreal, July 9.

I AM arriv'd, my dear, and have brought my heart ſafe thro' ſuch a continued fire as never poor knight errant was expoſed to; waited on at every ſtage by blooming country girls, full of ſpirit and coquetry, without any of the village baſhfulneſs of

England, and dreſſed like the ſhepherdeſſes of romance. A man of adventure might make a pleaſant journey to Montreal.

The peaſants are ignorant, lazy, dirty, and ſtupid beyond all belief; but hoſpitable, courteous, civil; and, what is particularly agreeable, they leave their wives and daughters to do the honors of the houſe: in which obliging office they acquit themſelves with an attention, which, amidſt every inconvenience apparent (tho' I am told not real) poverty can cauſe, muſt pleaſe every gueſt who has a ſoul inclin'd to be pleas'd: for my part, I was charm'd with them, and eat my homely fare with as much pleaſure as if I had been feaſting on ortolans in a palace. Their converſation is lively and amuſing; all the little knowledge of Canada is confined to the ſex; very few, even of the ſeigneurs, being able to write their own names.

The road from Quebec to Montreal is almoſt a continued ſtreet, the villages being numerous, and ſo extended along the banks of the river St. Lawrence as to leave ſcarce a ſpace without houſes in view; except where here or there a river, a wood, or mountain intervenes, as if to give a more pleaſing variety to the ſcene. I don't remember ever having had a more agreeable journey; the fine proſpects of the day ſo enliven'd by the gay chat of the evening, that I was really ſorry when I approach'd Montreal.

The iſland of Montreal, on which the town ſtands, is a very lovely ſpot; highly cultivated, and tho' leſs wild and magnificent, more ſmiling than the country round Quebec: the ladies, who ſeem to make pleaſure their only buſineſs, and moſt of whom I have ſeen this morning driving about the town in calaſhes, and making what

what they call, the *tour de la ville*, attended by Engliſh officers, ſeem generally handſome, and have an air of ſprightlineſs with which I am charm'd; I muſt be acquainted with them all, for tho' my ſtay is to be ſhort, I ſee no reaſon why it ſhould be dull. I am told they are fond of little rural balls in the country, and intend to give one as ſoon as I have paid my reſpects in form.

Six in the evening.

I am juſt come from dining with the — regiment, and find I have a viſit to pay I was not aware of, to two Engliſh ladies who are a few miles out of town: one of them is wife to the major of the regiment, and the other juſt going to be married to a captain in it, Sir George Clayton, a young handſome baronet, juſt come to his title and a very fine eſtate, by the death of a diſtant relation: he is at preſent at New York, and I am told they are to be married as ſoon as he comes back.

I have

Eight o'clock.

I have been making ſome flying viſits to the French ladies; tho' I have not ſeen many beauties, yet in general the women are handſome; their manner is eaſy and obliging, they make the moſt of their charms by their vivacity, and I certainly cannot be diſpleas'd with their extreme partiality for the Engliſh officers; their own men, who indeed are not very attractive, have not the leaſt chance for any ſhare in their good graces.

Thurſday morning.

I am juſt ſetting out with a friend for Major Melmoth's, to pay my compliments to the two ladies: I have no reliſh for this viſit; I hate miſſes that are going to be married; they are always ſo full of the dear man, that they have not common civility to other people. I am told however both the ladies are agreeable.

Agreeable,

14th. Eight in the evening.

Agreeable, Lucy! ſhe is an angel: 'tis happy for me ſhe is engag'd; nothing elſe could ſecure my heart, of which you know I am very tenacious: only think of finding beauty, delicacy, ſenſibility, all that can charm in woman, hid in a wood in Canada!

You ſay I am given to be enthuſiaſtic in my approbations, but ſhe is really charming. I am reſolv'd not only to have a friendſhip for her myſelf, but that *you* ſhall, and have told her ſo; ſhe comes to England as ſoon as ſhe is married; you are form'd to love each other.

But I muſt tell you; Major Melmoth kept us a week at his houſe in the country, in one continued round of rural amuſements; by which I do not mean hunting and ſhooting, but ſuch pleaſures as the ladies

ladies could ſhare; little ruſtic balls and parties round the neighbouring country, in which parties we were joined by all the fine women at Montreal. Mrs. Melmoth is a very pleaſing, genteel brunette, but Emily Montague—you will ſay I am in love with her if I deſcribe her, and yet I declare to you I am not: knowing ſhe loves another, to whom ſhe is ſoon to be united, I ſee her charms with the ſame kind of pleaſure I do yours; a pleaſure, which, tho' extremely lively, is by our ſituation without the leaſt mixture of deſire.

I have ſaid, ſhe is charming; there are men here who do not think ſo, but to me ſhe is lovelineſs itſelf. My ideas of beauty are perhaps a little out of the common road: I hate a woman of whom every man coldly ſays, *ſhe is handſome*; I adore beauty, but it is not mere features or complexion to which I give that name; 'tis life, 'tis ſpirit, 'tis animation, 'tis—in one word, 'tis Emily Montague—without being

ing regularly beautiful, ſhe charms every ſenſible heart; all other women, however lovely, appear marble ſtatues near her: fair; pale (a paleneſs which gives the idea of delicacy without deſtroying that of health), with dark hair and eyes, the latter large and languiſhing, ſhe ſeems made to feel to a trembling exceſs the paſſion ſhe cannot fail of inſpiring: her elegant form has an air of ſoftneſs and languor, which ſeizes the whole ſoul in a moment: her eyes, the moſt intelligent I ever ſaw, hold you enchain'd by their bewitching ſenſibility.

There are a thouſand unſpeakable charms in her converſation; but what I am moſt pleas'd with, is the attentive politeneſs of her manner, which you ſeldom ſee in a perſon in love; the extreme deſire of pleaſing one man generally taking off greatly from the attention due to all the reſt. This is partly owing to her admirable underſtanding, and partly to the natural ſoftneſs

neſs of her ſoul, which gives her the ſtrongeſt deſire of pleaſing. As I am a philoſopher in theſe matters, and have made the heart my ſtudy, I want extremely to ſee her with her lover, and to obſerve the gradual encreaſe of her charms in his preſence; love, which embelliſhes the moſt unmeaning countenance, muſt give to her's a fire irreſiſtible: what eyes! when animated by tenderneſs!

The very ſoul acquires a new force and beauty by loving; a woman of honor never appears half ſo amiable, or diſplays half ſo many virtues, as when ſenſible to the merit of a man who deſerves her affection. Obſerve, Lucy, I ſhall never allow you to be handſome till I hear you are in love.

Did I tell you Emily Montague had the fineſt hand and arm in the world? I ſhould however have excepted yours: her tone of voice too has the ſame melodious ſweetneſs,

a per-

a perfection without which the loveliest woman could never make the least impression on my heart: I don't think you are very unlike upon the whole, except that she is paler. You know, Lucy, you have often told me I should certainly have been in love with you if I had not been your brother: this resemblance is a proof you were right. You are really as handsome as any woman can be whose sensibility has never been put in motion.

I am to give a ball to-morrow; Mrs. Melmoth is to have the honors of it, but as she is with child, she does not dance. This circumstance has produc'd a dispute not a little flattering to my vanity: the ladies are making interest to dance with me; what a happy exchange have I made! what man of common sense would stay to be overlook'd in England, who can have rival beauties contend for him in Canada? This important point is not yet settled; the *etiquette* here is rather difficult to adjust;

as

as to me, I have nothing to do in the conſultation; my hand is deſtin'd to the longeſt pedigree; we ſtand prodigiouſly on our nobleſſe at Montreal.

Four o'clock.

After a diſpute in which two French ladies were near drawing their huſbands into a duel, the point of honor is yielded by both to Miſs Montague; each inſiſting only that I ſhould not dance with the other: for my part, I ſubmit with a good grace, as you will ſuppoſe.

Saturday morning.

I never paſſed a more agreeable evening: we have our amuſements here, I aſſure you: a ſet of fine young fellows, and handſome women, all well-dreſs'd, and in humor with themſelves, and with each other: my lovely Emily like Venus amongſt the Graces, only multiplied to about ſixteen. Nothing is, in my

my opinion, ſo favourable to the diſplay of beauty as a ball. A ſtate of reſt is ungraceful; all nature is moſt beautiful in motion; trees agitated by the wind, a ſhip under ſail, a horſe in the courſe, a fine woman dancing: never any human being had ſuch an averſion to ſtill life as I have.

I am going back to Melmoth's for a month; don't be alarm'd, Lucy! I ſee all her perfections, but I ſee them with the cold eye of admiration only: a woman engaged loſes all her attractions as a woman; there is no love without a ray of hope: my only ambition is to be her friend; I want to be the confidant of her paſſion. With what ſpirit ſuch a mind as hers muſt love!

Adieu! my dear!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Montreal, Auguſt 15.

BY Heavens, Lucy, this is more than man can bear; I was mad to ſtay ſo long at Melmoth's; there is no reſiſting this little ſeducer: 'tis ſhameful in ſuch a lovely woman to have underſtanding too; yet even this I could forgive, had ſhe not that enchanting ſoftneſs in her manner, which ſteals upon the ſoul, and would almoſt make uglineſs itſelf charm; were ſhe but vain, one had ſome chance, but ſhe will take upon her to have no conſciouſneſs, at leaſt no apparent conſciouſneſs, of her perfections, which is really intolerable. I told her ſo laſt night, when ſhe put on ſuch a malicious ſmile—I believe the little tyrant wants to add me to the liſt of her ſlaves; but I was not form'd to fill up a train. The

woman

woman I love muſt be ſo far from giving another the preference, that ſhe muſt have no ſoul but for me; I am one of the moſt unreaſonable men in the world on this head; ſhe may fancy what ſhe pleaſes, but I ſet her and all her attractions at defiance: I have made my eſcape, and ſhall ſet off for Quebec in an hour. Flying is, I muſt acknowledge, a little out of character, and unbecoming a ſoldier; but in theſe caſes, it is the very beſt thing man or woman either can do, when they doubt their powers of reſiſtance.

I intend to be ten days going to Quebec. I propoſe viſiting the prieſts at every village, and endeavouring to get ſome knowledge of the nature of the country, in order to my intended ſettlement. Idleneſs being the root of all evil, and the nurſe of love, I am determin'd to keep myſelf employed; nothing can be better ſuited to my temper than my preſent deſign; the pleaſure of cultivating lands here is as much

ſuperior

ſuperior to what can be found in the ſame employment in England, as watching the expanding roſe, and beholding the falling leaves: America is in infancy, Europe in old age. Nor am I very ill qualified for this agreeable taſk: I have ſtudied the Georgicks, and am a pretty enough kind of a huſbandman as far as theory goes; nay, I am not ſure I ſhall not be, even in practice, the beſt *gentleman* farmer in the province.

You may expect ſoon to hear of me in the *Muſeum Ruſticum*; I intend to make amazing diſcoveries in the rural way: I have already found out, by the force of my own genius, two very uncommon circumſtances; that in Canada, contrary to what we ſee every where elſe, the country is rich, the capital poor; the hills fruitful, the vallies barren. You ſee what excellent diſpoſitions I have to be an uſeful member of ſociety: I had always a ſtrong bias to the ſtudy of natural philoſophy.

Tell my mother how well I am employ'd, and ſhe cannot but approve my voyage: aſſure her, my dear, of my tendereſt regard.

The chaiſe is at the door.

Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

The lover is every hour expected; I am not quite ſure I ſhould have lik'd to ſee him arrive: a third perſon, you know, on ſuch an occaſion, ſinks into nothing; and I love, wherever I am, to be one of the figures which ſtrike the eye; I hate to appear on the back ground of the picture.

LETTER VIII.

To Miſs RIVERS.

Quebec, Aug. 24.

YOU can't think, my dear, what a fund of uſeful knowledge I have treaſur'd up during my journey from Montreal. This colony is a rich mine yet unopen'd; I do not mean of gold and ſilver, but of what are of much more real value, corn and cattle. Nothing is wanting but encouragement and cultivation; the Canadians are at their eaſe even without labor; nature is here a bounteous mother, who pours forth her gifts almoſt unſolicited: bigotry, ſtupidity, and lazineſs, united, have not been able to keep the peaſantry poor. I rejoice to find ſuch admirable capabilities where I propoſe to fix my dominion.

I was

I was hoſpitably entertained by the curés all the way down, tho' they are in general but ill provided for: the parochial clergy are uſeful every where, but I have a great averſion to monks, thoſe drones in the political hive, whoſe whole ſtudy ſeems to be to make themſelves as uſeleſs to the world as poſſible. Think too of the ſhocking indelicacy of many of them, who make it a point of religion to abjure linen, and wear their habits till they drop off. How aſtoniſhing that any mind ſhould ſuppoſe the Deity an enemy to cleanlineſs! the Jewiſh religion was hardly any thing elſe.

I paid my reſpects, wherever I ſtopped, to the *ſeigneureſs* of the village; for as to the ſeigneurs, except two or three, if they had not wives, they would not be worth viſiting.

I am every day more pleaſed with the women here; and, if I was gallant, ſhould

be in danger of being a convert to the French ſtile of gallantry; which certainly debaſes the mind much leſs than ours.

But what is all this to my Emily? How I envy Sir George! what happineſs has Heaven prepared for him, if he has a ſoul to taſte it!

I really muſt not think of her; I found ſo much delight in her converſation, it was quite time to come away; I am almoſt aſhamed to own how much difficulty I found in leaving her: do you know I have ſcarce ſlept ſince? This is abſurd, but I cannot help it; which by the way is an admirable excuſe for any thing.

I have been come but two hours, and am going to Silleri, to pay my compliments to your friend Miſs Fermor, who arrived with her father, who comes to join his regiment, ſince I left Quebec. I hear there has been a very fine importation of Engliſh ladies

ladies during my abſence. I am ſorry I have not time to viſit the reſt, but I go to-morrow morning to the Indian village for a fortnight, and have ſeveral letters to write to-night.

Adieu! I am interrupted.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Quebec, Auguſt 24.

I CANNOT, Madam, expreſs my obligation to you for having added a poſtſcript to Major Melmoth's letter: I am ſure he will excuſe my anſwering the whole to you; if not, I beg he may know that I ſhall be very pert about it, being much more ſolicitous to pleaſe you than him, for a thouſand reaſons too tedious to mention.

I thought you had more penetration than to ſuppoſe me indifferent: on the contrary, ſenſibility is my fault; though it is not your little every-day beauties who can excite it: I have admirable diſpoſitions to love, though I am hard to pleaſe: in ſhort, *I am not cruel, I am only nice:* do but you, or your divine friend, give me leave to wear your chains, and you ſhall ſoon be convinced I can love *like an angel*, when I ſet in earneſt about it. But, alas! you are married, and in love with your huſband; and your friend is in a ſituation ſtill more unfavourable to a lover's hopes. This is particularly unfortunate, as you are the only two of your bewitching ſex in Canada, for whom my heart feels the leaſt ſympathy. To be plain, but don't tell the little Major, I am more than half in love with you both, and, if I was the grand Turk, ſhould certainly fit out a fleet, to ſeize, and bring you to my ſeraglio.

There

There is one virtue I admire extremely in you both; I mean, that humane and tender compaſſion for the poor men, which prompts you to be always ſeen together; if you appeared ſeparate, where is the hero who could reſiſt either of you?

You aſk me how I like the French ladies at Montreal: I think them extremely pleaſing; and many of them handſome; I thought Madame L—— ſo, even near you and Miſs Montague; which is, I think, ſaying as much as can be ſaid on the ſubject.

I have juſt heard by accident that Sir George is arrived at Montreal. Aſſure Miſs Montague, no one can be more warmly intereſted in her happineſs than I am: ſhe is the moſt perfect work of Heaven; may ſhe be the happieſt! I feel much more on this occaſion than I can expreſs: a mind like hers muſt, in marriage, be exquiſitely happy

or miſerable: my friendſhip makes me tremble for her, notwithſtanding the worthy character I have heard of Sir George.

I will defer till another time what I had to ſay to Major Melmoth.

I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Yours, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER X.

Silleri, Auguſt 24.

I HAVE been a month arrived, my dear, without having ſeen your brother, who is at Montreal, but I am told is expected to-day. I have ſpent my time however very agreeably. I know not what the winter may be, but I am enchanted with the beauty of this country in ſummer; bold, pictureſque,

picturesque, romantic, nature reigns here in all her wanton luxuriance, adorned by a thousand wild graces which mock the cultivated beauties of Europe. The scenery about the town is infinitely lovely; the prospect extensive, and diversified by a variety of hills, woods, rivers, cascades, intermingled with smiling farms and cottages, and bounded by distant mountains which seem to scale the very Heavens.

The days are much hotter here than in England, but the heat is more supportable from the breezes which always spring up about noon; and the evenings are charming beyond expression. We have much thunder and lightening, but very few instances of their being fatal: the thunder is more magnificent and awful than in Europe, and the lightening brighter and more beautiful; I have even seen it of a clear pale purple, resembling the gay tints of the morning.

The verdure is equal to that of England, and in the evening acquires an unſpeakable beauty from the lucid ſplendor of the fire-flies ſparkling like a thouſand little ſtars on the trees and on the graſs.

There are two very noble falls of water near Quebec, la Chaudiere and Montmorenci: the former is a prodigious ſheet of water, ruſhing over the wildeſt rocks, and forming a ſcene groteſque, irregular, aſtoniſhing: the latter, leſs wild, leſs irregular, but more pleaſing and more majeſtic, falls from an immenſe height, down the ſide of a romantic mountain, into the river St. Lawrence, oppoſite the moſt ſmiling part of the iſland of Orleans, to the cultivated charms of which it forms the moſt ſtriking and agreeable contraſt.

The river of the ſame name, which ſupplies the caſcade of Montmorenci, is the moſt lovely of all inanimate objects: but why

why do I call it inanimate? It almoſt breathes; I no longer wonder at the enthuſiaſm of Greece and Rome; 'twas from objects reſembling this their mythology took its riſe; it ſeems the reſidence of a thouſand deities.

Paint to yourſelf a ſtupendous rock burſt as it were in ſunder by the hands of nature, to give paſſage to a ſmall, but very deep and beautiful river; and forming on each ſide a regular and magnificent wall, crowned with the nobleſt woods that can be imagined; the ſides of theſe romantic walls adorned with a variety of the gayeſt flowers, and in many places little ſtreams of the pureſt water guſhing through, and loſing themſelves in the river below: a thouſand natural grottoes in the rock make you ſuppoſe yourſelf in the abode of the Nereids; as a little iſland, covered with flowering ſhrubs, about a mile above the falls, where the river enlarges itſelf as if to give it room,

ſeems intended for the throne of the river goddeſs. Beyond this, the rapids, formed by the irregular projections of the rock, which in ſome places ſeem almoſt to meet, rival in beauty, as they excel in variety, the caſcade itſelf, and cloſe this little world of enchantment.

In ſhort, the lovelineſs of this fairy ſcene alone more than pays the fatigues of my voyage; and, if I ever murmur at having croſſed the Atlantic, remind me that I have ſeen the river Montmorenci.

I can give you a very imperfect account of the people here; I have only examined the landſcape about Quebec, and have given very little attention to the figures; the French ladies are handſome, but as to the beaux, they appear to me not at all dangerous, and one might ſafely walk in a wood by moonlight with the moſt agreeable Frenchman here. I am not ſurprized the Canadian ladies take ſuch pains to ſeduce our men

men from us; but I think it a little hard we have no temptation to make repriſals.

I am at preſent at an extreme pretty farm on the banks of the river St. Lawrence; the houſe ſtands at the foot of a ſteep mountain covered with a variety of trees, forming a verdant ſloping wall, which riſes in a kind of regular confuſion,

"Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre,"

and has in front this noble river, on which the ſhips continually paſſing preſent to the delighted eye the moſt charming moving picture imaginable; I never ſaw a place ſo formed to inſpire that pleaſing laſſitude, that divine inclination to ſaunter, which may not improperly be called, the luxurious indolence of the country. I intend to build a temple here to the charming goddeſs of lazineſs.

A gentleman is juſt coming down the winding path on the ſide of the hill, whom by his air I take to be your brother. Adieu!

I muſt

I muſt receive him: my father is at Quebec.

Yours,

ARABELLA FERMOR.

Your brother has given me a very pleaſing piece of intelligence: my friend Emily Montague is at Montreal, and is going to be married to great advantage; I muſt write to her immediately, and inſiſt on her making me a viſit before ſhe marries. She came to America two years ago, with her uncle Colonel Montague, who died here, and I imagined was gone back to England; ſhe is however at Montreal with Mrs. Melmoth, a diſtant relation of her mother's. Adieu! *ma tres chere!*

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Sept. 10.

I Find, my dear, that abſence and amuſement are the beſt remedies for a beginning paſſion; I have paſſed a fortnight at the Indian village of Lorette, where the novelty of the ſcene, and the enquiries I have been led to make into their ancient religion and manners, have been of a thouſand times more ſervice to me than all the reflection in the world would have been.

I will own to you that I ſtaid too long at Montreal, or rather at Major Melmoth's; to be ſix weeks in the ſame houſe with one of the moſt amiable, moſt pleaſing of women, was a trying ſituation to a heart full of ſenſibility, and of a ſenſibility

lity which has been hitherto, from a variety of cauſes, a good deal reſtrained. I ſhould have avoided the danger from the firſt, had it appeared to me what it really was; but I thought myſelf ſecure in the conſideration of her engagements, a defence however which I found grow weaker every day.

But to my ſavages: other nations talk of liberty, they poſſeſs it; nothing can be more aſtoniſhing than to ſee a little village of about thirty or forty families, the ſmall remains of the Hurons, almoſt exterminated by long and continual war with the Iroquoiſe, preſerve their independence in the midſt of an European colony conſiſting of ſeventy thouſand inhabitants; yet the fact is true of the ſavages of Lorette; they aſſert and they maintain that independence with a ſpirit truly noble. One of our company having ſaid ſomething which an Indian underſtood as a ſuppoſition that they had been *ſubjects* of France, his eyes ſtruck fire,

fire, he ſtop'd him abruptly, contrary to their reſpectful and ſenſible cuſtom of never interrupting the perſon who ſpeaks, "You "miſtake, brother," ſaid he; "we are "ſubjects to no prince; a ſavage is free "all over the world." And he ſpoke only truth; they are not only free as a people, but every individual is perfectly ſo. Lord of himſelf, at once ſubject and maſter, a ſavage knows no ſuperior, a circumſtance which has a ſtriking effect on his behaviour; unawed by rank or riches, diſtinctions unknown amongſt his own nation, he would enter as unconcerned, would poſſeſs all his powers as freely in the palace of an oriental monarch, as in the cottage of the meaneſt peaſant: 'tis the ſpecies, 'tis man, 'tis his equal he reſpects, without regarding the gaudy trappings, the accidental advantages, to which poliſhed nations pay homage.

I have taken ſome pains to develop their preſent, as well as paſt, religious ſentiments, becauſe the Jeſuit miſſionaries have boaſted

boaſted ſo much of their converſion; and find they have rather engrafted a few of the moſt plain and ſimple truths of Chriſtianity on their ancient ſuperſtitions, than exchanged one faith for another; they are baptized, and even ſubmit to what they themſelves call the *yoke* of confeſſion, and worſhip according to the outward forms of the Romiſh church, the drapery of which cannot but ſtrike minds unuſed to ſplendor; but their belief is very little changed, except that the women ſeem to pay great reverence to the Virgin, perhaps becauſe flattering to the ſex. They anciently believed in one God, the ruler and creator of the univerſe, whom they called *the Great Spirit* and the *Maſter of Life*; in the ſun as his image and repreſentative; in a multitude of inferior ſpirits and demons; and in a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, or, to uſe their own phraſe, in *a country of ſouls*. They reverenced the ſpirits of their departed heroes, but it does not appear that they paid them any religious

ous adoration. Their morals were more pure, their manners more ſimple, than thoſe of poliſhed nations, except in what regarded the intercourſe of the ſexes: the young women before marriage were indulged in great libertiniſm, hid however under the moſt reſerved and decent exterior. They held adultery in abhorrence, and with the more reaſon as their marriages were diſſolvable at pleaſure. The miſſionaries are ſaid to have found no difficulty ſo great in gaining them to Chriſtianity, as that of perſuading them to marry for life: they regarded the Chriſtian ſyſtem of marriage as contrary to the laws of nature and reaſon; and aſſerted that, as the *Great Spirit* formed us to be happy, it was oppoſing his will, to continue together when otherwiſe.

The ſex we have ſo unjuſtly excluded from power in Europe have a great ſhare in the Huron government; the chief is choſe

choſe by the matrons from amongſt the neareſt male relations, by the female line, of him he is to ſucceed; and is generally an aunt's or ſiſter's ſon; a cuſtom which, if we examine ſtrictly into the principle on which it is founded, ſeems a little to contradict what we are told of the extreme chaſtity of the married ladies.

The power of the chief is extremely limited; he ſeems rather to adviſe his people as a father than command them as a maſter: yet, as his commands are always reaſonable, and for the general good, no prince in the world is ſo well obeyed. They have a ſupreme council of ancients, into which every man enters of courſe at an age fixed, and another of aſſiſtants to the chief on common occaſions, the members of which are like him elected by the matrons: I am pleaſed with this laſt regulation, as women are, beyond all doubt, the beſt judges of the merit of men; and I ſhould be extremely

tremely pleaſed to ſee it adopted in England: canvaſſing for elections would then be the moſt agreeable thing in the world, and I am ſure the ladies would give their votes on much more generous principles than we do. In the true ſenſe of the word, *we* are the ſavages, who ſo impolitely deprive you of the common rights of citizenſhip, and leave you no power but that of which we cannot deprive you, the reſiſtleſs power of your charms. By the way, I don't think you are obliged in conſcience to obey laws you have had no ſhare in making; your plea would certainly be at leaſt as good as that of the Americans, about which we every day hear ſo much.

The Hurons have no poſitive laws; yet being a people not numerous, with a ſtrong ſenſe of honor, and in that ſtate of equality which gives no food to the moſt tormenting paſſions of the human heart, and the council of ancients having a power to puniſh atrocious crimes, which power however

ever they very ſeldom find occaſion to uſe, they live together in a tranquillity and order which appears to us ſurprizing.

In more numerous Indian nations, I am told, every village has its chief and its councils, and is perfectly independent on the reſt; but on great occaſions ſummon a general council, to which every village ſends deputies.

Their language is at once ſublime and melodious; but, having much fewer ideas, it is impoſſible it can be ſo copious as thoſe of Europe: the pronunciation of the men is guttural, but that of the women extremely ſoft and pleaſing; without underſtanding one word of the language, the ſound of it is very agreeable to me. Their ſtyle even in ſpeaking French is bold and metaphorical: and I am told is on important occaſions extremely ſublime. Even in common converſation they ſpeak in figures, of which I have this moment an inſtance.

A ſavage woman was wounded lately in defending an Engliſh family from the drunken rage of one of her nation. I aſked her after her wound; "It is well," ſaid ſhe; "my "ſiſters at Quebec (meaning the Engliſh "ladies) have been kind to me; and pi-"aſtres, you know, are very healing."

They have no idea of letters, no alphabet, nor is their language reducible to rules: 'tis by painting they preſerve the memory of the only events which intereſt them, or that they think worth recording, the conqueſts gained over their enemies in war.

When I ſpeak of their paintings, I ſhould not omit that, though extremely rude, they have a ſtrong reſemblance to the Chineſe, a circumſtance which ſtruck me the more, as it is not the ſtile of nature. Their dances alſo, the moſt lively pantomimes I ever ſaw, and eſpecially the dance of peace, exhibit variety of attitudes reſembling

ſembling the figures on Chineſe fans; nor have their features and complexion leſs likeneſs to the pictures we ſee of the Tartars, as their wandering manner of life, before they became chriſtians, was the ſame.

If I thought it neceſſary to ſuppoſe they were not natives of the country, and that America was peopled later than the other quarters of the world, I ſhould imagine them the deſcendants of Tartars; as nothing can be more eaſy than their paſſage from Aſia, from which America is probably not divided; or, if it is, by a very narrow channel. But I leave this to thoſe who are better informed, being a ſubject on which I honeſtly confeſs my ignorance.

I have already obſerved, that they retain moſt of their antient ſuperſtitions. I ſhould particularize their belief in dreams, of which folly even repeated diſappointments cannot cure them: they have alſo an unlimited

mited faith in their *powawers*, or conjurers, of whom there is one in every Indian village, who is at once phyſician, orator, and divine, and who is conſulted as an oracle on every occaſion. As I happened to ſmile at the recital a ſavage was making of a prophetic dream, from which he aſſured us of the death of an Engliſh officer whom I knew to be alive, "You Europeans," ſaid he, "are the moſt unreaſonable people "in the world; you laugh at our belief "in dreams, and yet expect us to be- "lieve things a thouſand times more in- "credible."

Their general character is difficult to deſcribe; made up of contrary and even contradictory qualities, they are indolent, tranquil, quiet, humane in peace; active, reſtleſs, cruel, ferocious in war: courteous, attentive, hoſpitable, and even polite, when kindly treated; haughty, ſtern, vindictive, when they are not; and their reſentment is the more to be dreaded, as they hold it a

point of honor to diſſemble their ſenſe of an injury till they find an opportunity to revenge it.

They are patient of cold and heat, of hunger and thirſt, even beyond all belief when neceſſity requires, paſſing whole days, and often three or four days together, without food, in the woods, when on the watch for an enemy, or even on their hunting parties; yet indulging themſelves in their feaſts even to the moſt brutal degree of intemperance. They deſpiſe death, and ſuffer the moſt excruciating tortures not only without a groan, but with an air of triumph; ſinging their death ſong, deriding their tormentors, and threatening them with the vengeance of their ſurviving friends: yet hold it honorable to fly before an enemy that appears the leaſt ſuperior in number or force.

Deprived by their extreme ignorance, and that indolence which nothing but their ardor

ardor for war can ſurmount, of all the conveniencies, as well as elegant refinements of poliſhed life; ſtrangers to the ſofter paſſions, love being with them on the ſame footing as amongſt their fellow-tenants of the woods, their lives appear to me rather tranquil than happy: they have fewer cares, but they have alſo much fewer enjoyments, than fall to our ſhare. I am told, however, that, though inſenſible to love, they are not without affections; are extremely awake to friendſhip, and paſſionately fond of their children.

They are of a copper color, which is rendered more unpleaſing by a quantity of coarſe red on their cheeks; but the children, when born, are of a pale ſilver white; perhaps their indelicate cuſtom of greaſing their bodies, and their being ſo much expoſed to the air and ſun even from infancy, may cauſe that total change of complexion, which I know not how otherwiſe to account for: their hair is black and

ſhining, the women's very long, parted at the top, and combed back, tied behind, and often twiſted with a thong of leather, which they think very ornamental: the dreſs of both ſexes is a cloſe jacket, reaching to their knees, with ſpatterdaſhes, all of coarſe blue cloth, ſhoes of deer-ſkin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and ſometimes with ſilver ſpangles; and a blanket thrown acroſs their ſhoulders, and faſtened before with a kind of bodkin, with necklaces, and other ornaments of beads or ſhells.

They are in general tall, well made, and agile to the laſt degree; have a lively imagination, a ſtrong memory; and, as far as their intereſts are concerned, are very dextrous politicians.

Their addreſs is cold and reſerved; but their treatment of ſtrangers, and the unhappy, infinitely kind and hoſpitable. A very worthy prieſt, with whom I am acquainted

quainted at Quebec, was ſome years ſince ſhipwrecked in December on the iſland of Anticoſti: after a variety of diſtreſſes, not difficult to be imagined on an iſland without inhabitants, during the ſeverity of a winter even colder than that of Canada; he, with the ſmall remains of his companions who ſurvived ſuch complicated diſtreſs, early in the ſpring, reached the main land in their boat, and wandered to a cabbin of ſavages; the ancient of which, having heard his ſtory, bid him enter, and liberally ſupplied their wants: "Approach, "brother," ſaid he; "the unhappy have "a right to our aſſiſtance; we are men, "and cannot but feel for the diſtreſſes "which happen to men;" a ſentiment which has a ſtrong reſemblance to a celebrated one in a Greek tragedy.

You will not expect more from me on this ſubject, as my reſidence here has been ſhort, and I can only be ſaid to catch a few

marking features flying. I am unable to give you a picture at full length.

Nothing aſtoniſhes me ſo much as to find their manners ſo little changed by their intercourſe with the Europeans; they ſeem to have learnt nothing of us but exceſs in drinking.

The ſituation of the village is very fine, on an eminence, gently riſing to a thick wood at ſome diſtance, a beautiful little ſerpentine river in front, on which are a bridge, a mill, and a ſmall caſcade, at ſuch a diſtance as to be very pleaſing objects from their houſes; and a cultivated country, intermixed with little woods lying between them and Quebec, from which they are diſtant only nine very ſhort miles.

What a letter have I written! I ſhall quit my poſt of hiſtorian to your friend Miſs Fermor; the ladies love writing much better

better than we do; and I ſhould perhaps be only juſt, if I ſaid they write better.

Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Sept. 12.

I YESTERDAY morning received a letter from Major Melmoth, to introduce to my acquaintance Sir George Clayton, who brought it; he wanted no other introduction to me than his being dear to the moſt amiable woman breathing; in virtue of that claim, he may command every civility, every attention in my power. He breakfaſted with me yeſterday: we were two hours alone, and had a great deal of converſation; we afterwards ſpent the day together very agreeably, on a party of pleaſure in the country.

I am going with him this afternoon to viſit Miſs Fermor, to whom he has a letter from the divine Emily, which he is to deliver himſelf.

He is very handſome, but not of my favorite ſtyle of beauty: extremely fair and blooming, with fine features, light hair and eyes; his countenance not abſolutely heavy, but inanimate, and to my taſte inſipid: finely made, not ungenteel, but without that eaſy air of the world which I prefer to the moſt exact ſymmetry without it. In ſhort, he is what the country ladies in England call *a ſweet pretty man.* He dreſſes well, has the fineſt horſes and the handſomeſt liveries I have ſeen in Canada. His manner is civil but cold, his converſation ſenſible but not ſpirited; he ſeems to be a man rather to approve than to love. Will you excuſe me if I ſay, he reſembles the form my imagination paints of Prometheus's man of clay, before

before he ſtole the celeſtial fire to animate him?

Perhaps I ſcrutinize him too ſtrictly; perhaps I am prejudiced in my judgment by the very high idea I had form'd of the man whom Emily Montague could love. I will own to you, that I thought it impoſſible for her to be pleaſed with mere beauty; and I cannot even now change my opinion; I ſhall find ſome latent fire, ſome hidden ſpark, when we are better acquainted.

I intend to be very intimate with him, to endeavour to ſee into his very ſoul; I am hard to pleaſe in a huſband for my Emily; he muſt have ſpirit, he muſt have ſenſibility, or he cannot make her happy.

He thank'd me for my civility to Miſs Montague: do you know I thought him impertinent? and I am not yet ſure he was

not ſo, though I ſaw he meant to be polite.

He comes: our horſes are at the door. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Eight in the evening.

We are return'd: I every hour like him leſs. There were ſeveral ladies, French and Engliſh, with Miſs Fermor, all on the rack to engage the Baronet's attention; you have no notion of the effect of a title in America. To do the ladies juſtice however, he really look'd very handſome; the ride, and the civilities he receiv'd from a circle of pretty women, for they were well choſe, gave a glow to his complexion extremely favorable to his deſire of pleaſing,

ing, which, through all his calmneſs, it was impoſſible not to obſerve; he even attempted once or twice to be lively, but fail'd: vanity itſelf could not inſpire him with vivacity; yet vanity is certainly his ruling paſſion, if ſuch a piece of ſtill life can be ſaid to have any paſſions at all.

What a charm, my dear Lucy, is there in ſenſibility! 'Tis the magnet which attracts all to itſelf: virtue may command eſteem, underſtanding and talents admiration, beauty a tranſient deſire; but 'tis ſenſibility alone which can inſpire love.

Yet the tender, the ſenſible Emily Montague—no, my dear, 'tis impoſſible: ſhe may fancy ſhe loves him, but it is not in nature; unleſs ſhe extremely miſtakes his character. His *approbation* of her, for he cannot feel a livelier ſentiment, may at preſent, when with her, raiſe him a little above his natural vegetative ſtate, but after

marriage he will certainly ſink into it again.

If I have the leaſt judgment in men, he will be a cold, civil, inattentive huſband; a taſteleſs, inſipid, ſilent companion; a tranquil, frozen, unimpaſſion'd lover; his inſenſibility will ſecure her from rivals, his vanity will give her all the drapery of happineſs; her friends will congratulate her choice; ſhe will be the envy of her own ſex: without giving poſitive offence, he will every moment wound, becauſe he is a ſtranger to all the fine feelings of a heart like hers; ſhe will ſeek in vain the friend, the lover, ſhe expected; yet, ſcarce knowing of what to complain, ſhe will accuſe herſelf of caprice, and be aſtoniſh'd to find herſelf wretched with *the beſt huſband in the world.*

I tremble

I tremble for her happineſs: I know how few of my own ſex are to be found who have the lively ſenſibility of yours, and of thoſe few how many wear out their hearts by a life of gallantry and diſſipation, and bring only apathy and diſguſt into marriage! I know few men capable of making her happy; but this Sir George — my Lucy, I have not patience.

Did I tell you all the men here are in love with your friend Bell Fermor? The women all hate her, which is an unequivocal proof that ſhe pleaſes the other ſex.

LETTER XIII.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Montreal, Sept. 2.

MY deareſt Bell will better imagine than I can deſcribe, the pleaſure it gave me to hear of her being in Canada; I am impatient to ſee her, but as Mrs. Melmoth comes in a fortnight to Quebec, I know ſhe will excuſe my waiting to come with her. My viſit however is to Silleri; I long to ſee my dear girl, to tell her a thouſand little trifles intereſting only to friendſhip.

You congratulate me, my dear, on the pleaſing proſpect I have before me; on my approaching marriage with a man young, rich,

rich, lovely, enamor'd, and of an amiable character.

Yes, my dear, I am oblig'd to my uncle for his choice; Sir George is all you have heard; and, without doubt, loves me, as he marries me with ſuch an inferiority of fortune. I am very happy certainly; how is it poſſible I ſhould be otherwiſe?

I could indeed wiſh my tenderneſs for him more lively, but perhaps my wiſhes are romantic. I prefer him to all his ſex, but wiſh my preference was of a leſs languid nature; there is ſomething in it more like friendſhip than love; I ſee him with pleaſure, but I part from him without regret; yet he deſerves my affection, and I can have no objection to him which is not founded in caprice.

You ſay true; Colonel Rivers is very amiable; he paſs'd ſix weeks with us, yet

we found his converſation always new; he is the man on earth of whom one would wiſh to make a friend; I think I could already truſt him with every ſentiment of my ſoul; I have even more confidence in him than in Sir George whom I love; his manner is ſoft, attentive, inſinuating, and particularly adapted to pleaſe women. Without deſigns, without pretenſions, he ſteals upon you in the character of a friend, becauſe there is not the leaſt appearance of his ever being a lover: he ſeems to take ſuch an intereſt in your happineſs, as gives him a right to know your every thought. Don't you think, my dear, theſe kind of men are dangerous? Take care of yourſelf, my dear Bell; as to me, I am ſecure in my ſituation.

Sir George is to have the pleaſure of delivering this to you, and comes again in a few days; love him for my ſake, though he

he deſerves it for his own. I aſſure you, he is extremely worthy.

Adieu! my dear.

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER XIV.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall-Mall.

Quebec, Sept. 15.

BELIEVE me, Jack, you are wrong; this vagrant taſte is unnatural, and does not lead to happineſs; your eager purſuit of pleaſure defeats itſelf; love gives no true delight but where the heart is attach'd, and you do not give yours time to fix. Such is our unhappy frailty, that the tendereſt paſſion may wear out, and another

another ſucceed, but the love of change merely as change is not in nature; where it is a real taſte, 'tis a depraved one. Boys are inconſtant from vanity and affectation, old men from decay of paſſion; but men, and particularly men of ſenſe, find their happineſs only in that lively attachment of which it is impoſſible for more than one to be the object. Love is an intellectual pleaſure, and even the ſenſes will be weakly affected where the heart is ſilent.

You will find this truth confirmed even within the walls of the ſeraglio; amidſt this crowd of rival beauties, eager to pleaſe, one happy fair generally reigns in the heart of the ſultan; the reſt ſerve only to gratify his pride and oſtentation, and are regarded by him with the ſame indifference as the furniture of his ſuperb palace, of which they may be ſaid to make a part.

With

With your eſtate, you ſhould marry; I have as many objections to the ſtate as you can have; I mean, on the footing marriage is at preſent. But of this I am certain, that two perſons at once delicate and ſenſible, united by friendſhip, by taſte, by a conformity of ſentiment, by that lively, ardent, tender inclination which alone deſerves the name of love, will find happineſs in marriage, which is in vain ſought in any other kind of attachment.

You are ſo happy as to have the power of chuſing; you are rich, and have not the temptation to a mercenary engagement. Look round you for a companion, a confidante; a tender amiable friend, with all the charms of a miſtreſs: above all, be certain of her affection, that you engage, that you fill her whole ſoul. Find ſuch a woman, my dear Temple, and you cannot make too much haſte to be happy.

I have

I have a thouſand things to ſay to you, but am ſetting off immediately with Sir George Clayton, to meet the lieutenant governor at Montreal; a piece of reſpect which I ſhould pay with the moſt lively pleaſure, if it did not give me the opportunity of ſeeing the woman in the world I moſt admire. I am not however going to ſet you the example of marrying: I am not ſo happy; ſhe is engaged to the gentleman who goes up with me. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Montreal.

Silleri, Sept. 16.

TAKE care, my dear Emily, you do not fall into the common error of ſenſible and delicate minds, that of refining away your happineſs.

Sir George is handſome as an Adonis; you allow him to be of an amiable character; he is rich, young, well born, and loves you; you will have fine cloaths, fine jewels, a fine houſe, a coach and ſix; all the *douceurs* of marriage, with an extreme pretty fellow, who is fond of you, whom *you ſee with pleaſure, and prefer to all his ſex*; and yet you are diſcontented, becauſe you have not for him at twenty-four the romantic paſſion of fifteen, or rather that

ideal paſſion which perhaps never exiſted but in imagination.

To be happy in this world, it is neceſſary not to raiſe one's ideas too high: if I loved a man of Sir George's fortune half as well as by your own account you love him, I ſhould not heſitate one moment about marrying; but ſit down contented with eaſe, affluence, and an agreeable man, without expecting to find life what it certainly is not, a ſtate of continual rapture. 'Tis, I am afraid, my dear, your misfortune to have too much ſenſibility to be happy.

I could moralize exceedingly well this morning on the vanity of human wiſhes and expectations, and the folly of hoping for felicity in this vile ſublunary world: but the ſubject is a little exhauſted, and I have a paſſion for being original. I think all the moral writers, who have ſet off with promiſing to ſhew us the road to happineſs, have obligingly ended with telling us there

is

is no ſuch thing; a concluſion extremely conſoling, and which if they had drawn before they ſet pen to paper, would have ſaved both themſelves and their readers an infinity of trouble. This fancy of hunting for what one knows is not to be found, is really an ingenious way of amuſing both one's ſelf and the world: I wiſh people would either write to ſome purpoſe, or be ſo good as not to write at all.

I believe I ſhall ſet about writing a ſyſtem of ethics myſelf, which ſhall be ſhort, clear, and comprehenſive; nearer the Epicurean perhaps than the Stoic; but rural, refined, and ſentimental; rural by all means; for who does not know that virtue is a country gentlewoman? all the good mammas will tell you, there is no ſuch being to be heard of in town.

I ſhall certainly be glad to ſee you, my dear; though I foreſee ſtrange revolutions *in the ſtate of Denmark* from this event;

at

at preſent I have all the men to myſelf, and you muſt know I have a prodigious averſion to divided empire: however, 'tis ſome comfort they all know you are going to be married. You may come, Emily; only be ſo obliging to bring Sir George along with you: in your preſent ſituation, you are not ſo very formidable.

The men here, as I ſaid before, are all dying for me; there are many handſomer women, but I flatter them, and the dear creatures cannot reſiſt it. I am a very good girl to women, but naturally artful (if you will allow the expreſſion) to the other ſex; I can bluſh, look down, ſtifle a ſigh, flutter my fan, and ſeem ſo agreeably confuſed—you have no notion, my dear, what fools men are. If you had not got the ſtart of me, I would have had your little white-haired baronet in a week, and yet I don't take him to be made of very combuſtible materials; rather mild, compoſed, and pretty,

pretty, I believe; but he has vanity, which is quite enough for my purpoſe.

Either your love or Colonel Rivers will have the honor to deliver this letter; 'tis rather cruel to take them both from us at once; however, we ſhall ſoon be made amends; for we ſhall have a torrent of beaux with the general.

Don't you think the ſun in this country vaſtly more chearing than in England? I am charmed with the ſun, to ſay nothing of the moon, though to be ſure I never ſaw a moon-light night that deſerved the name till I came to America.

Mon cher pere deſires a thouſand compliments; you know he has been in love with you ever ſince you were ſeven years old: he is vaſtly better for his voyage, and the clear air of Canada, and looks ten years younger than before he ſet out.

Adieu! I am going to ramble in the woods, and pick berries, with a little ſmiling civil captain, who is enamoured of me: a pretty rural amuſement for lovers!

Good morrow, my dear Emily,

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XVI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 18.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal with Sir George Clayton, of whom I ſuppoſe you have heard, and who is going to marry a friend of mine, to pay a viſit to *Monſieur le General*, who is arrived there. The men in Canada, the Engliſh I mean, are eternally changing place,

place, even when they have not ſo pleaſing a call; travelling is cheap and amuſing, the proſpects lovely, the weather inviting; and there are no very lively pleaſures at preſent to attach them either to Quebec or Montreal, ſo that they divide themſelves between both.

This fancy of the men, which is extremely the mode, makes an agreeable circulation of inamoratoes, which ſerves to vary the amuſement of the ladies; ſo that upon the whole 'tis a pretty faſhion, and deſerves encouragement.

You expect too much of your brother, my dear; the ſummer is charming here, but with no ſuch very ſtriking difference from that of England, as to give room to ſay a vaſt deal on the ſubject; though I believe, if you will pleaſe to compare our letters, you will find, putting us together, we cut a pretty figure in the deſcriptive way; at leaſt if your brother tells me truth.

You may expect a very well painted froſt-piece from me in the winter; as to the preſent ſeaſon, it is juſt like any fine autumn in England: I may add, that the beauty of the nights is much beyond my power of deſcription: a conſtant *Aurora borealis*, without a cloud in the heavens; and a moon ſo reſplendent that you may ſee to read the ſmalleſt print by its light; one has nothing to wiſh but that it was full moon every night. Our evening walks are delicious, eſpecially at Silleri, where 'tis the pleaſanteſt thing in the world to liſten to ſoft nonſenſe,

"While the moon dances through the trem-
"bling leaves."

(A line I ſtole from Philander and Sylvia): But to return:

The French ladies never walk but at night, which ſhews their good taſte; and then

then only within the walls of Quebec, which does not: they ſaunter ſlowly, after ſupper, on a particular battery, which is a kind of little Mall: they have no idea of walking in the country, nor the leaſt feeling of the lovely ſcene around them; there are many of them who never ſaw the falls of Montmorenci, though little more than an hour's drive from the town. They ſeem born without the ſmalleſt portion of curioſity, or any idea of the pleaſures of the imagination, or indeed any pleaſure but that of being admired; love, or rather coquetry, dreſs, and devotion, ſeem to ſhare all their hours: yet, as they are lively, and in general handſome, the men are very ready to excuſe their want of knowledge.

There are two ladies in the province, I am told, who read; but both of them are above fifty, and they are regarded as prodigies of erudition.

Eight in the evening.

Abſolutely, Lucy, I will marry a ſavage, and turn ſquaw (a pretty ſoft name for an Indian princeſs!): never was any thing ſo delightful as their lives; they talk of French huſbands, but commend me to an Indian one, who lets his wife ramble five hundred miles, without aſking where ſhe is going.

I was ſitting after dinner with a book, in a thicket of hawthorn near the beach, when a loud laugh called my attention to the river, where I ſaw a canoe of ſavages making to the ſhore; there were ſix women, and two or three children, without one man amongſt them: they landed, tied the canoe to the root of a tree, and finding out the moſt agreeable ſhady ſpot amongſt the buſhes with which the beach was covered, which happened to be very near me,

me, made a fire, on which they laid ſome fiſh to broil, and, fetching water from the river, ſat down on the graſs to their frugal repaſt.

I ſtole ſoftly to the houſe, and, ordering a ſervant to bring ſome wine and cold proviſions, returned to my ſquaws: I aſked them in French if they were of Lorette; they ſhook their heads: I repeated the queſtion in Engliſh, when the oldeſt of the women told me they were not; that their country was on the borders of New England; that, their huſbands being on a hunting party in the woods, curioſity, and the deſire of ſeeing their brethren the Engliſh who had conquered Quebec, had brought them up the great river, down which they ſhould return as ſoon as they had ſeen Montreal. She courteouſly aſked me to ſit down, and eat with them, which I complied with, and produced my part of the feaſt. We ſoon became good company, and *brighten'd*

the chain of friendſhip with two bottles of wine, which put them into ſuch ſpirits, that they danced, ſung, ſhook me by the hand, and grew ſo very fond of me, that I began to be afraid I ſhould not eaſily get rid of them. They were very unwilling to part with me; but, after two or three very ridiculous hours, I with ſome difficulty prevailed on the ladies to purſue their voyage, having firſt repleniſhed their canoe with proviſions and a few bottles of wine, and given them a letter of recommendation to your brother, that they might be in no diſtreſs at Montreal.

Adieu! my father is juſt come in, and has brought ſome company with him from Quebec to ſupper.

Yours ever,

A. FERMOR.

Don't

Don't you think, my dear, my good ſiſters the ſquaws ſeem to live ſomething the kind of life of our gypſies? The idea ſtruck me as they were dancing. I aſſure you, there is a good deal of reſemblance in their perſons: I have ſeen a fine old ſeaſoned female gypſey, of as dark a complexion as a ſavage; they are all equally marked as children of the ſun.

LETTER XVII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Repentigny, Sept. 18, ten at night.

I Study my fellow traveller cloſely; his character, indeed, is not difficult to aſcertain; his feelings are dull, nothing makes

the leaſt impreſſion on him; he is as inſenſible to the various beauties of the charming country through which we have travelled, as the very Canadian peaſants themſelves who inhabit it. I watched his eyes at ſome of the moſt beautiful proſpects, and ſaw not the leaſt gleam of pleaſure there: I introduced him here to an extreme handſome French lady, and as lively as ſhe is handſome, the wife of an officer who is of my acquaintance; the ſame taſteleſs compoſure prevailed; he complained of fatigue, and retired to his apartment at eight: the family are now in bed, and I have an hour to give to my dear Lucy.

He admires Emily becauſe he has ſeen her admired by all the world, but he cannot taſte her charms of himſelf; they are not of a ſtile to pleaſe him: I cannot ſupport the thought of ſuch a woman's being ſo loſt; there are a thouſand inſenſible good young women to be found, who would doze away life with him and be happy.

A rich, ſober, ſedate, preſbyterian citizen's daughter, educated by her grandmother in the country, who would roll about with him in unwieldy ſplendor, and dream away a lazy exiſtence, would be the proper wife for him. Is it for him, a lifeleſs compoſition of earth and water, to unite himſelf to the active elements which compoſe my divine Emily?

Adieu! my dear! we ſet out early in the morning for Montreal.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XVIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Montreal, Sept. 19, eleven o'clock.

NO, my dear, it is impoſſible ſhe can love him; his dull ſoul is ill ſuited to hers; heavy, unmeaning, formal; a ſlave to rules, to ceremony, to *etiquette*, he has not an idea above thoſe of a gentleman uſher. He has been three hours in town without ſeeing her; dreſſing, and waiting to pay his compliments firſt to the general, who is riding, and every minute expected back. I am all impatience, though only her friend, but think it would be indecent in me to go without him, and look like a deſign of reproaching his coldneſs. How differently are we form'd! I ſhould have ſtole a moment to ſee the woman I loved from the firſt prince in the univerſe.

The

The general is returned. Adieu! till our viſit is over; we go from thence to Major Melmoth's, whoſe family I ſhould have told you are in town, and not half a ſtreet from us. What a ſoul of fire has this *lover!* 'Tis to profane the word to uſe it in ſpeaking of him.

One o'clock.

I am miſtaken, Lucy; aſtoniſhing as it is, ſhe loves him; this dull clod of uninformed earth has touched the lively ſoul of my Emily. Love is indeed the child of caprice; I will not ſay of ſympathy, for what ſympathy can there be between two hearts ſo different? I am hurt, ſhe is lowered in my eſteem; I expected to find in the man ſhe loved, a mind ſenſible and tender as her own.

I repeat it, my dear Lucy, ſhe loves him; I obſerved her when we entered the room; ſhe

ſhe bluſhed, ſhe turned pale, ſhe trembled, her voice faltered; every look ſpoke the ſtrong emotion of her ſoul.

She is paler than when I ſaw her laſt; ſhe is, I think, leſs beautiful, but more touching than ever; there is a languor in her air, a ſoftneſs in her countenance, which are the genuine marks of a heart in love; all the tenderneſs of her ſoul is in her eyes.

Shall I own to you all my injuſtice? I hate this man for having the happineſs to pleaſe her: I cannot even behave to him with the politeneſs due to every gentleman.

I begin to fear my weakneſs is greater than I ſuppoſed.

22d in the evening.

I am certainly mad, Lucy; what right have I to expect!—you will ſcarce believe the

the exceſs of my folly. I went after dinner to Major Melmoth's; I found Emily at piquet with Sir George: can you conceive that I fancied myſelf ill uſed, that I ſcarce ſpoke to her, and returned immediately home, though ſtrongly preſſed to ſpend the evening there? I walked two or three times about my room, took my hat, and went to viſit the handſomeſt Frenchwoman at Montreal, whoſe windows are directly oppoſite to Major Melmoth's; in the exceſs of my anger, I aſked this lady to dance with me to-morrow at a little ball we are to have out of town. Can you imagine any behaviour more childiſh? It would have been ſcarce pardonable at ſixteen.

Adieu! my letter is called for. I will write to you again in a few days.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Major Melmoth tells me, they are to be married in a month at Quebec, and

and to embark immediately for England. I will not be there; I cannot bear to ſee her devote herſelf to wretchedneſs: ſhe will be the moſt unhappy of her ſex with this man; I ſee clearly into his character; his virtue is the mere abſence of vice; his good qualities are all of the negative kind.

LETTER XIX.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Montreal, Sept. 24.

I HAVE but a moment, my dear, to acknowledge your laſt; this week has been a continual hurry.

You miſtake me; it is not the romantic paſſion of fifteen I wiſh to feel, but that tender lively friendſhip which alone can give

give charms to ſo intimate an union as that of marriage. I wiſh a greater conformity in our characters, in our ſentiments, in our taſtes.

But I will ſay no more on this ſubject till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Silleri. Mrs. Melmoth and I come in a ſhip which ſails in a day or two; they tell us, it is the moſt agreeable way of coming: Colonel Rivers is ſo polite, as to ſtay to accompany us down: Major Melmoth aſked Sir George, but he preferred the pleaſure of parading into Quebec, and ſhewing his fine horſes and fine perſon to advantage, to that of attending his miſtreſs: ſhall I own to you that I am hurt at this inſtance of his neglect, as I know his attendance on the general was not expected? His ſituation was more than a ſufficient excuſe; it was highly improper for two women to go to Quebec alone; it is in ſome degree ſo that any other man ſhould accompany me at this time: my pride is extremely wounded. I expect a

thouſand times more attention from him ſince his acquiſition of fortune; it is with pain I tell you, my dear friend, he ſeems to ſhew me much leſs. I will not deſcend to ſuppoſe he preſumes on this increaſe of fortune, but he preſumes on the inclination he ſuppoſes I have for him; an inclination, however, not violent enough to make me ſubmit to the leaſt ill treatment from him.

In my preſent ſtate of mind, I am extremely hard to pleaſe; either his behaviour or my temper have ſuffered a change. I know not how it is, but I ſee his faults in a much ſtronger light than I have ever ſeen them before. I am alarmed at the coldneſs of his diſpoſition, ſo ill ſuited to the ſenſibility of mine; I begin to doubt his being of the amiable character I once ſuppoſed: in ſhort, I begin to doubt of the poſſibility of his making me happy.

You will, perhaps, call it an exceſs of pride, when I ſay, I am much leſs inclined

to

to marry him than when our ſituations were equal. I certainly love him; I have a habit of conſidering him as the man I am to marry, but my affection is not of that kind which will make me eaſy under the ſenſe of an obligation.

I will open all my heart to you when we meet: I am not ſo happy as you imagine: do not accuſe me of caprice; can I be too cautious, where the happineſs of my whole life is at ſtake?

Adieu!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 24.

I Declare off at once; I will not be a ſquaw; I admire their talking of the liberty of ſavages; in the moſt eſſential point, they are ſlaves: the mothers marry their children without ever conſulting their inclinations, and they are obliged to ſubmit to this fooliſh tyranny. Dear England! where liberty appears, not as here among theſe odious ſavages, wild and ferocious like themſelves, but lovely, ſmiling, led by the hand of the Graces. There is no true freedom any where elſe. They may talk of the privilege of chuſing a chief; but what is that to the dear Engliſh privilege of chuſing a huſband?

I have been at an Indian wedding, and have no patience. Never did I ſee ſo vile an aſſortment.

Adieu!

Adieu! I ſhall not be in good humor this month.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XXI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Montreal, Sept. 24.

WHAT you ſay, my dear friend, is more true than I wiſh it was; our Engliſh women of character are generally too reſerved; their manner is cold and forbidding; they ſeem to think it a crime to be too attractive; they appear almoſt afraid to pleaſe.

'Tis to this ill-judged reſerve I attribute the low profligacy of too many of our young men; the grave faces and diſtant behaviour

viour of the generality of virtuous women fright them from their acquaintance, and drive them into the ſociety of thoſe wretched votaries of vice, whoſe converſation debaſes every ſentiment of their ſouls.

With as much beauty, good ſenſe, ſenſibility, and ſoftneſs, at leaſt, as any women on earth, no women pleaſe ſo little as the Engliſh: depending on their native charms, and on thoſe really amiable qualities which envy cannot deny them, they are too careleſs in acquiring thoſe enchanting nameleſs graces, which no language can define, which give reſiſtleſs force to beauty, and even ſupply its place where it is wanting.

They are ſatisfied with being good, without conſidering that unadorned virtue may command eſteem, but will never excite love; and both are neceſſary in marriage, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſtate every woman of honor has in proſpect; for I own

I own myſelf rather incredulous as to the aſſertions of maiden aunts and couſins to the contrary. I wiſh my amiable country-women would conſider one moment, that virtue is never ſo lovely as when dreſſed in ſmiles: the virtue of women ſhould have all the ſoftneſs of the ſex; it ſhould be gentle, it ſhould be even playful, to pleaſe.

There is a lady here, whom I wiſh you to ſee, as the ſhorteſt way of explaining to you all I mean; ſhe is the moſt pleaſing woman I ever beheld, independently of her being one of the handſomeſt; her manner is irreſiſtible: ſhe has all the ſmiling graces of France, all the bluſhing delicacy and native ſoftneſs of England.

Nothing can be more delicate, my dear Temple, than the manner in which you offer me your eſtate in Rutland, by way of anticipating your intended legacy: it is however impoſſible for me to accept it; my father,

father, who ſaw me naturally more profuſe than became my expectations, took ſuch pains to counterwork it by inſpiring me with the love of independence, that I cannot have ſuch an obligation even to you.

Beſides, your legacy is left on the ſuppoſition that you are not to marry, and I am abſolutely determined you ſhall; ſo that, by accepting this mark of your eſteem, I ſhould be robbing your younger children.

I have not a wiſh to be richer whilſt I am a bachelor, and the only woman I ever wiſhed to marry, the only one my heart deſires, will be in three weeks the wife of another; I ſhall ſpend leſs than my income here: ſhall I not then be rich? To make you eaſy, know I have four thouſand pounds in the funds; and that, from the equality of living here, an enſign is obliged to ſpend near as much as I am; he is inevitably ruined, but I ſave money.

I pity

I pity you, my friend; I am hurt to hear you talk of happineſs in the life you at preſent lead: of finding pleaſure in poſſeſſing venal beauty; you are in danger of acquiring a habit which will vitiate your taſte, and exclude you from that ſtate of refined and tender friendſhip for which nature formed a heart like yours, and which is only to be found in marriage: I need not add, in a marriage of choice.

It has been ſaid that love marriages are generally unhappy; nothing is more falſe; marriages of mere inclination will always be ſo: paſſion alone being concerned, when that is gratified, all tenderneſs ceaſes of courſe: but love, the gay child of ſympathy and eſteem, is, when attended by delicacy, the only happineſs worth a reaſonable man's purſuit, and the choiceſt gift of heaven: it is a ſofter, tenderer friendſhip, enlivened by taſte, and by the moſt ardent

deſire of pleaſing, which time, inſtead of deſtroying, will render every hour more dear and intereſting.

If, as you poſſibly will, you ſhould call me romantic, hear a man of pleaſure on the ſubject, the Petronius of the laſt age, the elegant but voluptuous St. Evremond, who ſpeaks in the following manner of the friendſhip between married perſons:

"I believe it is this pleaſing intercourſe "of tenderneſs, this reciprocation of eſ- "teem, or, if you will, this mutual ardor "of preventing each other in every en- "dearing mark of affection, in which con- "ſiſts the ſweetneſs of this ſecond ſpecies "of friendſhip.

"I do not ſpeak of other pleaſures, "which are not ſo much in themſelves as "in the aſſurance they give of the entire "poſſeſſion of thoſe we love: this appears

"to

" to me ſo true, that I am not afraid to " aſſert, the man who is by any other " means certainly aſſured of the tender- " neſs of her he loves, may eaſily ſup- " port the privation of thoſe pleaſures; " and that they ought not to enter into " the account of friendſhip, but as proofs " that it is without reſerve.

" 'Tis true, few men are capable of the " purity of theſe ſentiments, and 'tis for " that reaſon we ſo very ſeldom ſee per- " fect friendſhip in marriage, at leaſt for " any long time: the object which a ſen- " ſual paſſion has in view cannot long ſuſ- " tain a commerce ſo noble as that of " friendſhip."

You ſee, the pleaſures you ſo much boaſt are the leaſt of thoſe which true tender- neſs has to give, and this in the opinion of a voluptuary.

My dear Temple, all you have ever known of love is nothing to that ſweet conſent of ſouls in uniſon, that harmony of minds congenial to each other, of which you have not yet an idea.

You have ſeen beauty, and it has inſpired a momentary emotion, but you have never yet had a real attachment; you yet know nothing of that irreſiſtible tenderneſs, that delirium of the ſoul, which, whilſt it refines, adds ſtrength to paſſion.

I perhaps ſay too much, but I wiſh with ardor to ſee you happy; in which there is the more merit, as I have not the leaſt proſpect of being ſo myſelf.

I wiſh you to purſue the plan of life which I myſelf think moſt likely to bring happineſs, becauſe I know our ſouls to be of the ſame frame: we have taken different

ferent roads, but you will come back to mine. Awake to delicate pleaſures, I have no taſte for any other; there are no other for ſenſible minds. My gallantries have been few, rather (if it is allowed to ſpeak thus of one's ſelf even to a friend) from elegance of taſte than ſeverity of manners; I have loved ſeldom, becauſe I cannot love without eſteem.

Believe me, Jack, the mere pleaſure of loving, even without a return, is ſuperior to all the joys of ſenſe where the heart is untouched: the French poet does not exaggerate when he ſays,

——*Amour*;
Tous les autres plaiſirs ne valent pas tes peines.

You will perhaps call me mad; I am juſt come from a woman who is capable of making all mankind ſo. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XXII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 25.

I HAVE been rambling about amongſt the peaſants, and aſking them a thouſand queſtions, in order to ſatisfy your inquiſitive friend. As to my father, though, properly ſpeaking, your queſtions are addreſſed to him, yet, being upon duty, he begs that, for this time, you will accept of an anſwer from me.

The Canadians live a good deal like the ancient patriarchs; the lands were originally ſettled by the troops, every officer became a ſeigneur, or lord of the manor, every ſoldier took lands under his commander; but, as avarice is natural to mankind, the ſoldiers took a great deal more than they could cultivate, by way of providing

viding for a family: which is the reaſon ſo much land is now waſte in the fineſt part of the province: thoſe who had children, and in general they have a great number, portioned out their lands amongſt them as they married, and lived in the midſt of a little world of their deſcendants.

There are whole villages, and there is even a large iſland, that of Coudre, where the inhabitants are all the deſcendants of one pair, if we only ſuppoſe that their ſons went to the next village for wives, for I find no tradition of their having had a diſpenſation to marry their ſiſters.

The corn here is very good, though not equal to ours; the harveſt not half ſo gay as in England, and for this reaſon, that the lazy creatures leave the greateſt part of their land uncultivated, only ſowing as much corn of different ſorts as will ſerve themſelves; and being too proud and too idle to work for hire, every family gets in

its own harveſt, which prevents all that jovial ſpirit which we find when the reapers work together in large parties.

Idleneſs is the reigning paſſion here, from the peaſant to his lord; the gentlemen never either ride on horſeback or walk, but are driven about like women, for they never drive themſelves, lolling at their eaſe in a calache: the peaſants, I mean the maſters of families, are pretty near as uſeleſs as their lords.

You will ſcarce believe me, when I tell you, that I have ſeen, at the farm next us, two children, a very beautiful boy and girl, of about eleven years old, aſſiſted by their grandmother, reaping a field of oats, whilſt the lazy father, a ſtrong fellow of thirty-two, lay on the graſs, ſmoking his pipe, about twenty yards from them: the old people and children work here; thoſe in the age of ſtrength and health only take their pleaſure.

A pro-

A propos to ſmoking, 'tis common to ſee here boys of three years old, ſitting at their doors, ſmoking their pipes, as grave and compoſed as little old Chineſe men on a chimney.

You aſk me after our fruits: we have, as I am told, an immenſity of cranberries all the year; when the ſnow melts away in ſpring, they are ſaid to be found under it as freſh and as good as in autumn: ſtrawberries and raſberries grow wild in profuſion; you cannot walk a ſtep in the fields without treading on the former: great plenty of currants, plumbs, apples, and pears; a few cherries and grapes, but not in much perfection: excellent muſk melons, and water melons in abundance, but not ſo good in proportion as the muſk. Not a peach, nor any thing of the kind; this I am however convinced is leſs the fault of the climate than of the people, who

are too indolent to take pains for any thing more than is abſolutely neceſſary to their exiſtence. They might have any fruit here but gooſeberries, for which the ſummer is too hot; there are buſhes in the woods, and ſome have been brought from England, but the fruit falls off before it is ripe. The wild fruits here, eſpecially thoſe of the bramble kind, are in much greater variety and perfection than in England.

When I ſpeak of the natural productions of the country, I ſhould not forget that hemp and hops grow every where in the woods; I ſhould imagine the former might be cultivated here with great ſucceſs, if the people could be perſuaded to cultivate any thing.

A little corn of every kind, a little hay, a little tobacco, half a dozen apple trees, a few onions and cabbages, make the whole of a Canadian plantation. There is ſcarce a flower except thoſe in the woods, where there

there is a variety of the moſt beautiful ſhrubs I ever ſaw; the wild cherry, of which the woods are full, is equally charming in flower and in fruit; and, in my opinion, at leaſt equals the arbutus.

They ſow their wheat in ſpring, never manure the ground, and plough it in the ſlighteſt manner; can it then be wondered at that it is inferior to ours? They fancy the froſt would deſtroy it if ſown in autumn; but this is all prejudice, as experience has ſhewn. I myſelf ſaw a field of wheat this year at the governor's farm, which was manured and ſown in autumn, as fine as I ever ſaw in England.

I ſhould tell you, they are ſo indolent as never to manure their lands, or even their gardens; and that, till the Engliſh came, all the manure of Quebec was thrown into the river.

You will judge how naturally rich the ſoil muſt be, to produce good crops without manure, and without ever lying fallow, and almoſt without ploughing; yet our political writers in England never ſpeak of Canada without the epithet of *barren*. They tell me this extreme fertility is owing to the ſnow, which lies five or ſix months on the ground. Proviſions are dear, which is owing to the prodigious number of horſes kept here; every family having a carriage, even the pooreſt peaſant; and every ſon of that peaſant keeping a horſe for his little excurſions of pleaſure, beſides thoſe neceſſary for the buſineſs of the farm. The war alſo deſtroyed the breed of cattle, which I am told however begins to increaſe; they have even ſo far improved in corn, as to export ſome this year to Italy and Spain.

Don't you think I am become an excellent farmereſs? 'Tis intuition; ſome people are born learned: are you not all aſtoniſhment

ment at my knowledge? I never was ſo vain of a letter in my life.

Shall I own the truth? I had moſt of my intelligence from old John, who lived long with my grandfather in the country; and who, having little elſe to do here, has taken ſome pains to pick up a competent knowledge of the ſtate of agriculture five miles round Quebec.

Adieu! I am tired of the ſubject.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

Now I think of it, why did you not write to your brother? Did you chuſe me to expoſe my ignorance? If ſo, I flatter myſelf you are a little taken in, for I think John and I figure in the rural way.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 29, 10 o'clock.

OTO be ſure! we are vaſtly to be pitied: no beaux at all with the general; only about ſix to one; a very pretty proportion, and what I hope always to ſee. We, the ladies I mean, drink chocolate with the general to-morrow, and he gives us a ball on Thurſday; you would not know Quebec again; nothing but ſmiling faces now; all ſo gay as never was, the ſweeteſt country in the world; never expect to ſee me in England again; one is really ſomebody here: I have been aſked to dance by only twenty-ſeven.

On the ſubject of dancing, I am, as it were, a little embarraſſed: you will pleaſe

to obſerve that, in the time of ſcarcity, when all the men were at Montreal, I ſuffered a fooliſh little captain to ſigh and ſay civil things to me, *pour paſſer le tems*, and the creature takes the airs of a lover, to which he has not the leaſt pretenſions, and chuſes to be angry that I won't dance with him on Thurſday, and I poſitively won't.

It is really pretty enough that every abſurd animal, who takes upon him to make love to one, is to fancy himſelf entitled to a return: I have no patience with the men's ridiculouſneſs: have you, Lucy?

But I ſee a ſhip coming down under full ſail; it may be Emily and her friends: the colours are all out, they ſlacken ſail; they drop anchor oppoſite the houſe; 'tis certainly them; I muſt fly to the beach: muſic as I am a perſon, and an awning on the deck: the boat puts off with your brother in it. Adieu for a moment: I muſt go and invite them on ſhore.

'Twas

2 o'clock.

'Twas Emily and Mrs. Melmoth, with two or three very pretty French women; your brother is a happy man: I found tea and coffee under the awning, and a table loaded with Montreal fruit, which is vaſtly better than ours; by the way, the colonel has bought me an immenſity; he is ſo gallant and all that: we regaled ourſelves, and landed; they dine here, and we dance in the evening; we are to have a ſyllabub in the wood: my father has ſent for Sir George and Major Melmoth, and half a dozen of the moſt agreeable men, from Quebec: he is enchanted with his little Emily, he loved her when ſhe was a child. I cannot tell you how happy I am; my Emily is handſomer than ever; you know how partial I am to beauty: I never had a friendſhip for an ugly woman in my life.

Adieu! *ma tres chere.*

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Your

Your brother looks like an angel this morning; he is not dreſt, he is not undreſt, but ſomehow, eaſy, elegant and enchanting: he has no powder, and his hair a little *degagée*, blown about by the wind, and agreeably diſordered; ſuch fire in his countenance; his eyes ſay a thouſand agreeable things; he is in ſuch ſpirits as I never ſaw him: not a man of them has the leaſt chance to day. I ſhall be in love with him if he goes on at this rate: not that it will be to any purpoſe in the world; he never would even flirt with me, though I have made him a thouſand advances.

My heart is ſo light, Lucy, I cannot deſcribe it: I love Emily at my ſoul: 'tis three years ſince I ſaw her, and there is ſomething ſo romantic in finding her in Canada: there is no ſaying how happy I am: I want only you, to be perfectly ſo.

3 o'clock.

The meſſenger is returned; Sir George is gone with a party of French ladies to Lake Charles: Emily bluſhed when the meſſage was delivered; he might reaſonably ſuppoſe they would be here to-day, as the wind was fair: your brother dances with my ſweet friend; ſhe loſes nothing by the exchange; ſhe is however a little piqued at this appearance of diſreſpect.

12 o'clock.

Sir George came juſt as we ſat down to ſupper; he did right, he complained firſt, and affected to be angry ſhe had not ſent an expreſs from *Point au Tremble*. He was however gayer than uſual, and very attentive to his miſtreſs; your brother ſeemed chagrined at his arrival; Emily perceived it, and redoubled her politeneſs to him, which in a little time reſtored part of his good

good humor: upon the whole, it was an agreeable evening, but it would have been more ſo, if Sir George had come at firſt, or not at all.

The ladies lie here, and we go all together in the morning to Quebec; the gentlemen are going.

I ſteal a moment to ſeal, and give this to the colonel, who will put it in his packet to-morrow.

LETTER XXIV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Sept. 30.

WOULD you believe it poſſible, my dear, that Sir George ſhould decline attending Emily Montague from Montreal,

treal, and leave the pleaſing commiſſion to me? I am obliged to him for the three happieſt days of my life, yet am piqued at his chuſing me for a *ceciſbeo* to his miſtreſs: he ſeems to think me a man *ſans conſequence*, with whom a lady may ſafely be truſted; there is nothing very flattering in ſuch a kind of confidence: let him take care of himſelf, if he is impertinent, and ſets me at defiance; I am not vain, but ſet our fortunes aſide, and I dare enter the liſts with Sir George Clayton. I cannot give her a coach and ſix; but I can give her, what is more conducive to happineſs, a heart which knows how to value her perfections.

I never had ſo pleaſing a journey; we were three days coming down, becauſe we made it a continual party of pleaſure, took muſic with us, landed once or twice a day, viſited the French families we knew, lay both nights on ſhore, and danced at the ſeigneur's of the village.

This

This river, from Montreal to Quebec, exhibits a ſcene perhaps not to be matched in the world: it is ſettled on both ſides, though the ſettlements are not ſo numerous on the ſouth ſhore as on the other: the lovely confuſion of woods, mountains, meadows, corn fields, rivers (for there are ſeveral on both ſides, which loſe themſelves in the St. Lawrence), intermixed with churches and houſes breaking upon you at a diſtance through the trees, form a variety of landſcapes, to which it is difficult to do juſtice.

This charming ſcene, with a clear ſerene ſky, a gentle breeze in our favor, and the converſation of half a dozen fine women, would have made the voyage pleaſing to the moſt inſenſible man on earth: my Emily too of the party, and moſt politely attentive to the pleaſure ſhe ſaw I had in making the voyage agreeable to her.

I every

I every day love her more; and, without conſidering the impropriety of it, I cannot help giving way to an inclination, in which I find ſuch exquiſite pleaſure; I find a thouſand charms in the leaſt trifle I can do to oblige her.

Don't reaſon with me on this ſubject: I know it is madneſs to continue to ſee her; but I find a delight in her converſation, which I cannot prevail on myſelf to give up till ſhe is actually married.

I reſpect her engagements, and pretend to no more from her than her friendſhip; but, as to myſelf, will love her in whatever manner I pleaſe: to ſhew you my prudence, however, I intend to dance with the handſomeſt unmarried Frenchwoman here on Thurſday, and to ſhew her an attention which ſhall deſtroy all ſuſpicion of my tenderneſs for Emily. I am jealous of Sir George, and hate him; but I diſſemble it better than I thought it poſſible for me to do.

My

My Lucy, I am not happy; my mind is in a ſtate not to be deſcribed; I am weak enough to encourage a hope for which there is not the leaſt foundation; I miſconſtrue her friendſhip for me every moment; and that attention which is merely gratitude for my apparent anxiety to oblige. I even fancy her eyes underſtand mine, which I am afraid ſpeak too plainly the ſentiments of my heart.

I love her, my dear girl, to madneſs; theſe three days——

I am interrupted. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

'Tis Capt. Fermor, who inſiſts on my dining at Silleri. They will eternally throw me in the way of this lovely woman: of what materials do they ſuppoſe me formed?

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Oct. 3, twelve o'clock.

AN enchanting ball, my dear; your little friend's head is turned. I was more admired than Emily, which to be ſure did not flatter my vanity at all: I ſee ſhe muſt content herſelf with being beloved, for without coquetry 'tis in vain to expect admiration.

We had more than three hundred perſons at the ball; above three-fourths men, all gay and well dreſſed; an elegant ſupper; in ſhort, it was charming.

I am half inclined to marry; I am not at all acquainted with the man I have fixed upon, I never ſpoke to him till laſt night, nor did he take the leaſt notice of me, more than

than of other ladies, but that is nothing; he pleaſes me better than any man I have ſeen here; he is not handſome, but well made, and looks like a gentleman; he has a good character, is heir to a very pretty eſtate. I will think further of it: there is nothing more eaſy than to have him if I chuſe it: 'tis only ſaying to ſome of his friends, that I think Captain Fitzgerald the moſt agreeable fellow here, and he will immediately be aſtoniſhed he did not ſooner find out I was the handſomeſt woman. I will conſider this affair ſeriouſly; one muſt marry, 'tis the mode; every body marries; why don't you marry, Lucy?

This brother of yours is always here; I am ſurpriſed Sir George is not jealous, for he pays no ſort of attention to me, 'tis eaſy to ſee why he comes; I dare ſay I ſhan't ſee him next week: Emily is going to Mrs. Melmoth's, where ſhe ſtays till to-morrow ſevennight; ſhe goes from hence as ſoon as dinner is over.

Adieu! I am fatigued; we danced till morning; I am but this moment up.

Yours,

A FERMOR.

Your brother danced with Mademoiſelle Clairaut; do you know I was piqued he did not give me the preference, as Emily danced with her lover? not but that I had perhaps a partner full as agreeable, at leaſt I have a mind to think ſo.

I hear it whiſpered that the whole affair of the wedding is to be ſettled next week; my father is in the ſecret, I am not. Emily looks ill this morning; ſhe was not gay at the ball. I know not why, but ſhe is not happy. I have my fancies, but they are yet only fancies.

Adieu! my dear girl; I can no more.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Oct. 6.

I AM going, my Lucy.—I know not well whither I am going, but I will not ſtay to ſee this marriage. Could you have believed it poſſible?—But what folly! Did I not know her ſituation from the firſt? Could I ſuppoſe ſhe would break off an engagement of years, with a man who gives ſo clear a proof that he prefers her to all other women, to humor the frenzy of one who has never even told her he loved her?

Captain Fermor aſſures me all is ſettled but the day, and that ſhe has promiſed to name that to-morrow.

I will leave Quebec to-night; no one ſhall know the road I take: I do not yet know it myſelf; I will croſs over to Point

Levi with my valet de chambre, and go wherever chance directs me. I cannot bear even to hear the day named. I am ſtrongly inclined to write to her; but what can I ſay? I ſhould betray my tenderneſs in ſpite of myſelf, and her compaſſion would perhaps diſturb her approaching happineſs: were it even poſſible ſhe ſhould prefer me to Sir George, ſhe is too far gone to recede.

My Lucy, I never till this moment felt to what an exceſs I loved her.

Adieu! I ſhall be about a fortnight abſent; by that time ſhe will be embarked for England. I cannot bring myſelf to ſee her the wife of another. Do not be alarmed for me; reaſon and the impoſſibility of ſucceſs will conquer my paſſion for this angelic woman; I have been to blame in allowing myſelf to ſee her ſo often.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Beaumont, Oct. 7.

I THINK I breathe a freer air now I am out of Quebec. I cannot bear where-ever I go to meet this Sir George; his triumphant air is inſupportable; he has, or I fancy he has, all the inſolence of a happy rival; 'tis unjuſt, but I cannot avoid hating him; I look on him as a man who has deprived me of a good to which I fooliſhly fancy I had pretenſions.

My whole behaviour has been weak to the laſt degree: I ſhall grow more reaſonable when I no longer ſee this charming woman; I ought ſooner to have taken this ſtep.

I have found here an excuſe for my excurſion; I have heard of an eſtate to be

ſold down the river; and am told the purchaſe will be leſs expence than clearing any lands I might take up. I will go and ſee it; it is an object, a purſuit, and will amuſe me.

I am going to ſend my ſervant back to Quebec; my manner of leaving it muſt appear extraordinary to my friends; I have therefore made this eſtate my excuſe. I have written to Miſs Fermor that I am going to make a purchaſe; have begged my warmeſt wiſhes to her lovely friend, for whoſe happineſs no one on earth is more anxious; but have told her Sir George is too much the object of my envy, to expect from me very ſincere congratulations.

Adieu! my ſervant waits for this. You ſhall hear an account of my adventures when I return to Quebec.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Quebec, Oct. 7, twelve o'clock.

I MUST ſee you, my dear, this evening; my mind is in an agitation not to be expreſſed; a few hours will determine my happineſs or miſery for ever; I am diſpleaſed with your father for precipitating a determination which cannot be made with too much caution.

I have a thouſand things to ſay to you, which I can ſay to no one elſe.

Be at home, and alone; I will come to you as ſoon as dinner is over.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER XXIX.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

I WILL be at home, my dear, and denied to every body but you.

I pity you, my dear Emily; but I am unable to give you advice.

The world would wonder at your heſitating a moment.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Quebec, Oct. 7, three o'clock.

MY viſit to you is prevented by an event beyond my hopes. Sir George has this moment a letter from his mother, deſiring him earneſtly to poſtpone his marriage till ſpring, for ſome reaſons of conſequence to his fortune, with the particulars of which ſhe will acquaint him by the next packet.

He communicated this intelligence to me with a grave air, but with a tranquillity not to be deſcribed, and I received it with a joy I found it impoſſible wholly to conceal.

I have now time to conſult both my heart and my reaſon at leiſure, and to break with him, if neceſſary, by degrees.

What an eſcape have I had! I was within four-and-twenty hours of either determining to marry a man with whom I fear I have little chance to be happy, or of breaking with him in a manner that would have ſubjected one or both of us to the cenſures of a prying impertinent world, whoſe cenſures the moſt ſteady temper cannot always contemn.

I will own to you, my dear, I every hour have more dread of this marriage: his preſent ſituation has brought his faults into full light. Captain Clayton, with little more than his commiſſion, was modeſt, humble, affable to his inferiors, polite to all the world; and I fancied him poſſeſſed of thoſe more active virtues, which I ſuppoſed the ſmallneſs of his fortune prevented from appearing. 'Tis with pain I ſee that Sir George, with a ſplendid income, is avaricious, ſelfiſh, proud, vain, and profuſe; laviſh to every caprice of vanity and oſtentation

tation which regards himſelf, coldly inattentive to the real wants of others.

Is this a character to make your Emily happy? we were not formed for each other: no two minds were ever ſo different; my happineſs is in friendſhip, in the tender affections, in the ſweets of dear domeſtic life; his in the idle parade of affluence, in dreſs, in equipage, in all that ſplendor, which, whilſt it excites envy, is too often the mark of wretchedneſs.

Shall I ſay more? Marriage is ſeldom happy where there is a great diſproportion of fortune. The lover, after he loſes that endearing character in the huſband, which in common minds I am afraid is not long, begins to reflect how many more thouſands he might have expected; and perhaps ſuſpects his miſtreſs of thoſe intereſted motives in marrying, of which he now feels his own heart capable. Coldneſs, ſuſpi-

cion, and mutual want of eſteem and confidence, follow of courſe.

I will come back with you to Silleri this evening; I have no happineſs but when I am with you. Mrs. Melmoth is ſo fond of Sir George, ſhe is eternally perſecuting me with his praiſes; ſhe is extremely mortified at this delay, and very angry at the manner in which I behave upon it.

Come to us directly, my dear Bell, and rejoice with your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER XXXI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

I CONGRATULATE you, my dear; you will at leaſt have the pleaſure of being five or ſix months longer your own miſtreſs; which,

which, in my opinion, when one is not violently in love, is a conſideration worth attending to. You will alſo have time to ſee whether you like any body elſe better; and you know you can take him if you pleaſe at laſt.

Send him up to his regiment at Montreal with the Melmoths; ſtay the winter with me, flirt with ſomebody elſe to try the ſtrength of your paſſion, and, if it holds out againſt ſix months abſence, and the attention of an agreeable fellow, I think you may ſafely venture to marry him.

A propos to flirting, have you ſeen Colonel Rivers? He has not been here theſe two days. I ſhall begin to be jealous of this little impertinent Mademoiſelle Clairaut. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Rivers

Rivers is abſurd. I have a mighty fooliſh letter from him; he is rambling about the country, buying eſtates: he had better have been here, playing the fool with us; if I knew how to write to him I would tell him ſo, but he is got out of the range of human beings, down the river, Heaven knows where; he ſays a thouſand civil things to you, but I will bring the letter with me to ſave the trouble of repeating them.

I have a ſort of an idea he won't be very unhappy at this delay; I want vaſtly to ſend him word of it.

Adieu! *ma chere.*

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Kamaraſkas, Oct. 10.

I AM at preſent, my dear Lucy, in the wildeſt country on earth; I mean of thoſe which are inhabited at all: 'tis for ſeveral leagues almoſt a continual foreſt, with only a few ſtraggling houſes on the river ſide; 'tis however of not the leaſt conſequence to me; all places are equal to me where Emily is not.

I ſeek amuſement, but without finding it: ſhe is never one moment from my thoughts; I am every hour on the point of returning to Quebec; I cannot ſupport the idea of her leaving the country without my ſeeing her.

'Tis

'Tis a lady who has this eſtate to ſell: I am at preſent at her houſe; ſhe is very amiable; a widow about thirty, with an agreeable perſon, great vivacity, an excellent underſtanding, improved by reading, to which the abſolute ſolitude of her ſituation has obliged her; ſhe has an open pleaſing countenance, with a candor and ſincerity in her converſation which would pleaſe me, if my mind was in a ſtate to be pleaſed with any thing. Through all the attention and civility I think myſelf obliged to ſhew her, ſhe ſeems to perceive the melancholy which I cannot ſhake off: ſhe is always contriving ſome little party for me, as if ſhe knew how much I am in want of amuſement.

Oct. 12.

Madame Des Roches is very kind; ſhe ſees my chagrin, and takes every method to

to divert it: ſhe inſiſts on my going in her ſhallop to ſee the laſt ſettlement on the river, oppoſite the Iſle of Barnaby; ſhe does me the honor to accompany me, with a gentleman and lady who live about a mile from her.

Iſle Barnaby, Oct. 13.

I have been paying a very ſingular viſit; 'tis to a hermit, who has lived ſixty years alone on this iſland; I came to him with a ſtrong prejudice againſt him; I have no opinion of thoſe who fly ſociety; who ſeek a ſtate of all others the moſt contrary to our nature. Were I a tyrant, and wiſhed to inflict the moſt cruel puniſhment human nature could ſupport, I would ſeclude criminals from the joys of ſociety, and deny them the endearing ſight of their ſpecies.

I am certain I could not exiſt a year alone: I am miſerable even in that degree of

of ſolitude to which one is confined in a ſhip; no words can ſpeak the joy which I felt when I came to America, on the firſt appearance of ſomething like the chearful haunts of men; the firſt man, the firſt houſe, nay the firſt Indian fire of which I ſaw the ſmoke riſe above the trees, gave me the moſt lively tranſport that can be conceived; I felt all the force of thoſe ties which unite us to each other, of that ſocial love to which we owe all our happineſs here.

But to my hermit: his appearance diſarmed my diſlike; he is a tall old man, with white hair and beard, the look of one who has known better days, and the ſtrongeſt marks of benevolence in his countenance. He received me with the utmoſt hoſpitality, ſpread all his little ſtores of fruit before me, fetched me freſh milk, and water from a ſpring near his houſe.

After

After a little converſation, I expreſſed my aſtoniſhment, that a man of whoſe kindneſs and humanity I had juſt had ſuch proof, could find his happineſs in flying mankind: I ſaid a good deal on the ſubject, to which he liſtened with the politeſt attention.

"You appear," ſaid he, "of a temper "to pity the miſeries of others. My ſtory "is ſhort and ſimple: I loved the moſt "amiable of women; I was beloved. The "avarice of our parents, who both had "more gainful views for us, prevented an "union on which our happineſs depended. "My Louiſa, who was threatened with an "immediate marriage with a man ſhe de-"teſted, propoſed to me to fly the tyranny "of our friends: ſhe had an uncle at "Quebec, to whom ſhe was dear. The "wilds of Canada," ſaid ſhe, "may afford "us that refuge our cruel country denies "us.

" us. After a ſecret marriage, we embarked.
" Our voyage was thus far happy; I landed
" on the oppoſite ſhore, to ſeek refreſh-
" ments for my Louiſa; I was returning,
" pleaſed with the thought of obliging the
" object of all my tenderneſs, when a be-
" ginning ſtorm drove me to ſeek ſhelter in
" this bay. The ſtorm increaſed; I ſaw its
" progreſs with agonies not to be deſcribed;
" the ſhip, which was in ſight, was unable
" to reſiſt its fury; the ſailors crowded
" into the boat; they had the humanity to
" place my Louiſa there; they made for
" the ſpot where I was; my eyes were
" wildly fixed on them; I ſtood eagerly on
" the utmoſt verge of the water, my arms
" ſtretched out to receive her, my prayers
" ardently addreſſed to Heaven, when an
" immenſe wave broke over the boat; I
" heard a general ſhriek; I even fancied I
" diſtinguiſhed my Louiſa's cries; it ſub-
" ſided, the ſailors again exerted all their
" force; a ſecond wave—I ſaw them no
" more.

" Never

" Never will that dreadful ſcene be ab-
" ſent one moment from my memory: I
" fell ſenſeleſs on the beach; when I re-
" turned to life, the firſt object I beheld
" was the breathleſs body of my Louiſa at
" my feet. Heaven gave me the wretched
" conſolation of rendering to her the laſt
" ſad duties. In that grave all my happi-
" neſs lies buried. I knelt by her, and
" breathed a vow to Heaven, to wait here
" the moment that ſhould join me to all I
" held dear. I every morning viſit her
" loved remains, and implore the God of
" mercy to haſten my diſſolution. I feel
" that we ſhall not long be ſeparated; I
" ſhall ſoon meet her, to part no more."

He ſtopped, and, without ſeeming to remember he was not alone, walked haſtily towards a little oratory he has built on the beach, near which is the grave of his Louiſa; I followed him a few ſteps, I ſaw him

him throw himſelf on his knees; and, reſpecting his ſorrow, returned to the houſe.

Though I cannot abſolutely approve, yet I more than forgive, I almoſt admire, his renouncing the world in his ſituation. Devotion is perhaps the only balm for the wounds given by unhappy love; the heart is too much ſoftened by true tenderneſs to admit any common cure.

Seven in the evening.

I am returned to Madame Des Roches and her friends, who declined viſiting the hermit. I found in his converſation all which could have adorned ſociety; he was pleaſed with the ſympathy I ſhewed for his ſufferings; we parted with regret. I wiſhed to have made him a preſent, but he will receive nothing.

A ſhip for England is in ſight. Madame Des Roches is ſo polite to ſend off this letter;

ter; we return to her houſe in the morning.

Adieu! my Lucy.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Oct. 12.

I HAVE no patience with this fooliſh brother of yours; he is rambling about in the woods when we want him here: we have a moſt agreeable aſſembly every Thurſday at the General's, and have had another ball ſince he has been gone on this ridiculous rambſe; I miſs the dear creature wherever I go. We have nothing but balls, cards, and parties of pleaſure; but they are nothing without my little Rivers.

I have

I have been making the tour of the three religions this morning, and, as I am the moſt conſtant creature breathing, am come back only a thouſand times more pleaſed with my own. I have been at maſs, at church, and at the preſbyterian meeting: an idea ſtruck me at the laſt, in regard to the drapery of them all; that the Romiſh religion is like an over-dreſſed, tawdry, rich citizen's wife; the preſbyterian like a rude, aukward country girl; the church of England like an elegant, well-dreſſed woman of quality, "plain in her neatneſs" (to quote Horace, who is my favorite author). There is a noble, graceful ſimplicity both in the worſhip and the ceremonies of the church of England, which, even if I were a ſtranger to her doctrines, would prejudice me ſtrongly in her favor.

Sir George ſets out for Montreal this evening, ſo do the houſe of Melmoth; I have however prevailed on Emily to ſtay a month

month or two longer with me. I am rejoiced Sir George is going away; I am tired of ſeeing that eternal ſmile, that countenance of his, which attempts to ſpeak, and ſays nothing. I am in doubt whether I ſhall let Emily marry him; ſhe will die in a week, of no diſtemper but his converſation.

They dine with us. I am called down. Adieu!

Eight at night.

Heaven be praiſed, our lover is gone; they parted with great philoſophy on both ſides: they are the prettieſt mild pair of inamoratoes one ſhall ſee.

Your brother's ſervant has juſt called to tell me he is going to his maſter. I have a great mind to anſwer his letter, and order him back.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Oct. 12.

I HAVE been looking at the eſtate Madame Des Roches has to ſell; it is as wild as the lands to which I have a right. I hoped this would have amuſed my chagrin, but am miſtaken: nothing intereſts me, nothing takes up my attention one moment: my mind admits but one idea. This charming woman follows me wherever I go; I wander about like the firſt man when driven out of paradiſe: I vainly fancy every change of place will relieve the anxiety of my mind.

Madame Des Roches ſmiles, and tells me I am in love; 'tis however a ſmile of tenderneſs and compaſſion: your ſex have

great penetration in whatever regards the heart.

Oct. 13.

I have this moment a letter from Miſs Fermor, to preſs my return to Quebec; ſhe tells me, Emily's marriage is poſtponed till ſpring. My Lucy! how weak is the human heart! In ſpite of myſelf, a ray of hope—I ſet off this inſtant: I cannot conceal my joy.

LETTER XXXV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, July 23.

YOU have no idea, Ned, how much your abſence is lamented by the dowagers, to whom, it muſt be owned, your charity has been pretty extenſive.

It would delight you to ſee them condoling with each other on the loſs of the dear charming man, the man of ſentiment, of true taſte, who admires the maturer beauties, and thinks no woman worth purſuing till turned of twenty-five: 'tis a loſs not to be made up; for your taſte, it muſt be owned, is pretty ſingular.

I have ſeen your laſt favorite, Lady H——, who aſſures me, on the word of a woman of honour, that, had you ſtaid ſeven years in London, ſhe does not think ſhe ſhould have had the leaſt inclination to change: but an abſent lover, ſhe well obſerved, is, properly ſpeaking, no lover at all. "Bid Colonel Rivers remember," ſaid ſhe, "what I have read ſomewhere, the "parting words of a French lady to a "biſhop of her acquaintance. Let your "abſence be ſhort, my lord; and remem-"ber that a miſtreſs is a benefice which "obliges to reſidence."

I am

I am told, you had not been gone a week before Jack Willmott had the honour of drying up the fair widow's tears.

I am going this evening to Vauxhall, and to-morrow propoſe ſetting out for my houſe in Rutland, from whence you ſhall hear from me again.

Adieu! I never write long letters in London. I ſhould tell you, I have been to ſee Mrs. Rivers and your ſiſter; the former is well, but very anxious to have you in England again; the latter grows ſo very handſome, I don't intend to repeat my viſits often.

Yours,

J. TEMPLE.

LETTER XXXVI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Oct. 14.

I AM this moment arrived from a ramble down the river; but, a ſhip being juſt going, muſt acknowledge your laſt.

You make me happy in telling me my dear Lady H—— has given my place in her heart to ſo honeſt a fellow as Jack Willmott; and I ſincerely wiſh the ladies always choſe their favorites as well.

I ſhould be very unreaſonable indeed to expect conſtancy at almoſt four thouſand miles diſtance, eſpecially when the proſpect of my return is ſo very uncertain.

My voyage ought undoubtedly to be conſidered as an abdication: I am to all intents

tents and purpoſes dead in law as a lover; and the lady has a right to conſider her heart as vacant, and to proceed to a new election.

I claim no more than a ſhare in her eſteem and remembrance, which I dare ſay I ſhall never want.

That I have amuſed myſelf a little in the dowager way, I am very far from denying; but you will obſerve, it was leſs from taſte than the principle of doing as little miſchief as poſſible in my few excurſions to the world of gallantry. A little deviation from the exact rule of right we men all allow ourſelves in love affairs; but I was willing to keep as near it as I could. Married women are, on my principles, forbidden fruit; I abhor the ſeduction of innocence; I am too delicate, and (with all my modeſty) too vain, to be pleaſed with venal beauty: what was I then to do, with a heart too active to be abſolutely at reſt,

and which had not met with its counterpart? Widows were, I thought, fair prey, as being ſufficiently experienced to take care of themſelves.

I have ſaid married women are, on my principles, forbidden fruit: I ſhould have explained myſelf; I mean in England, for my ideas on this head change as ſoon as I land at Calais.

Such is the amazing force of local prejudice, that I do not recollect having ever made love to an Engliſh married woman, or a French unmarried one. Marriages in France being made by the parents, and therefore generally without inclination on either ſide, gallantry ſeems to be a tacit condition, though not abſolutely expreſſed in the contract.

But to return to my plan: I think it an excellent one; and would recommend it to all thoſe young men about town, who, like

like me, find in their hearts the neceſſity of loving, before they meet with an object capable of fixing them for life.

By the way, I think the widows ought to raiſe a ſtatue to my honor, for having done my *poſſible* to prove that, for the ſake of decorum, morals, and order, they ought to have all the men to themſelves.

I have this moment your letter from Rutland. Do you know I am almoſt angry? Your ideas of love are narrow and pedantic; cuſtom has done enough to make the life of one half of our ſpecies taſteleſs; but you would reduce them to a ſtate of ſtill greater inſipidity than even that to which our tyranny has doomed them.

You would limit the pleaſure of loving and being beloved, and the charming power of pleaſing, to three or four years only in the life of that ſex which is peculiarly formed to feel tenderneſs; women are born

with more lively affections than men, which are ſtill more ſoftened by education; to deny them the privilege of being amiable, the only privilege we allow them, as long as nature continues them ſo, is ſuch a mixture of cruelty and falſe taſte as I ſhould never have ſuſpected you of, notwithſtanding your partiality for unripened beauty.

As to myſelf, I perſiſt in my opinion, that women are moſt charming when they join the attractions of the mind to thoſe of the perſon, when they feel the paſſion they inſpire; or rather, that they are never charming till then.

A woman in the firſt bloom of youth reſembles a tree in bloſſom; when mature, in fruit: but a woman who retains the charms of her perſon till her underſtanding is in its full perfection, is like thoſe trees in happier climes, which produce bloſſoms and fruit together.

You will ſcarce believe, Jack, that I have lived a week *tête à tête*, in the midſt of a wood, with juſt the woman I have been deſcribing; a widow extremely my taſte, *mature*, five or ſix years more ſo than you ſay I require, lively, ſenſible, handſome, without ſaying one civil thing to her; yet nothing can be more certain.

I could give you powerful reaſons for my inſenſibility; but you are a traitor to love, and therefore have no right to be in any of his ſecrets.

I will excuſe your viſits to my ſiſter; as well as I love you myelf, I have a thouſand reaſons for chuſing ſhe ſhould not be acquainted with you.

What you ſay in regard to my mother, gives me pain; I will never take back my little gift to her; and I cannot live in Eng-

land on my preſent income, though it enables me to live *en prince* in Canada.

Adieu! I have not time to ſay more. I have ſtole this half hour from the loveliest woman breathing, whom I am going to viſit: ſurely you are infinitely obliged to me. To leſſen the obligation, however, my calaſh is not yet come to the door.

Adieu! once more.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Oct. 15.

OUR wanderer is returned, my dear, and in ſuch ſpirits as you can't conceive: he paſſed yeſterday with us; he likes

likes to have us to himſelf, and he had yeſterday; we walked *à trio* in the wood, and were fooliſh; I have not paſſed ſo agreeable a day ſince I came to Canada: I love mightily to be fooliſh, and the people here have no taſte that way at all: your brother is divinely ſo upon occaſion. The weather was, to uſe the Canadian phraſe, *ſuperbe et magnifique*. We ſhall not, I am told, have much more in the ſame *magnifique* ſtyle, ſo we intend to make the moſt of it: I have ordered your brother to come and walk with us from morning till night, every day and all the day.

The dear man was amazingly overjoyed to ſee us again; we ſhared in his joy, though my little Emily took ſome pains to appear tranquil on the occaſion: I never ſaw more pleaſure in the countenances of two people in my life, nor more pains taken to ſuppreſs it.

Do you know Fitzgerald is really an agreeable fellow? I have an admirable natural inſtinct; I perceived he had underſtanding, from his aquiline noſe and his eagle eye, which are indexes I never knew fail. I believe we are going to be great; I am not ſure I ſhall not admit him to make up a *partie quarrée* with your brother and Emily: I told him my original plot upon him, and he was immenſely pleaſed with it. I almoſt fancy he can be fooliſh; in that caſe, my buſineſs is done: if with his other merits he has that, I am a loſt woman.

He has excellent ſenſe, great good nature, and the true princely ſpirit of an Iriſhman: he will be ruined here, but that is his affair, not mine. He changed quarters with an officer now at Montreal; and, becauſe the lodgings were to be furniſhed, thought himſelf obliged to leave three months wine in the cellars.

His

His perſon is pleaſing; he has good eyes and teeth (the only beauties I require), is marked with the ſmall pox, which in men gives a ſenſible look; very manly, and looks extremely like a gentleman.

He comes, the conqueror comes.

I ſee him plainly through the trees; he is now in full view, within twenty yards of the houſe. He looks particularly well on horſeback, Lucy; which is one certain proof of a good education. The fellow is well born, and has ideas of things: I think I ſhall admit him of my train.

Emily wonders I have never been in love: the cauſe is clear; I have prevented any attachment to one man, by conſtantly flirting with twenty: 'tis the moſt ſovereign receipt in the world. I think too, my dear, you have maintained a ſort of running fight with

with the little deity: our hour is not yet come. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Oct. 15, Evening.

I AM returned, my dear, and have had the pleaſure of hearing you and my mother are well, though I have had no letters from either of you.

Mr. Temple, my deareſt Lucy, tells me he has viſited you. Will you pardon me a freedom which nothing but the moſt tender friendſhip

friendſhip can warrant, when I tell you that I would wiſh you to be as little acquainted with him as politeneſs allows? He is a moſt agreeable man, perhaps too agreeable, with a thouſand amiable qualities; he is the man I love above all others; and, where women are not concerned, a man of the moſt unblemiſhed honor: but his manner of life is extremely libertine, and his ideas of women unworthy the reſt of his character; he knows not the perfections which adorn the valuable part of your ſex, he is a ſtranger to your virtues, and incapable, at leaſt I fear ſo, of that tender affection which alone can make an amiable woman happy. With all this, he is polite and attentive, and has a manner, which, without intending it, is calculated to deceive women into an opinion of his being attached when he is not: he has all the ſplendid virtues which command eſteem; is noble, generous, diſintereſted, open, brave; and is the moſt dangerous

man

man on earth to a woman of honor, who is unacquainted with the arts of man.

Do not however miſtake me, my Lucy; I know him to be as incapable of forming improper deſigns on you, even were you not the ſiſter of his friend, as you are of liſtening to him if he did: 'tis for your heart alone I am alarmed; he is formed to pleaſe; you are young and inexperienced, and have not yet loved; my anxiety for your peace makes me dread your loving a man whoſe views are not turned to marriage, and who is therefore incapable of returning properly the tenderneſs of a woman of honor.

I have ſeen my divine Emily: her manner of receiving me was very flattering; I cannot doubt her friendſhip for me; yet I am not abſolutely content. I am however convinced, by the eaſy tranquillity of her air, and her manner of bearing this delay of their marriage, that ſhe does not love the

the man for whom ſhe is intended: ſhe has been a victim to the avarice of her friends. I would fain hope—yet what have I to hope? If I had even the happineſs to be agreeable to her, if ſhe was diſengaged from Sir George, my fortune makes it impoſſible for me to marry her, without reducing her to indigence at home, or dooming her to be an exile in Canada for life. I dare not aſk myſelf what I wiſh or intend: yet I give way in ſpite of me to the delight of ſeeing and converſing with her.

I muſt not look forward; I will only enjoy the preſent pleaſure of believing myſelf one of the firſt in her eſteem and friendſhip, and of ſhewing her all thoſe little pleaſing attentions ſo dear to a ſenſible heart; attentions in which her *lover* is aſtoniſhingly remiſs: he is at Montreal, and I am told was gay and happy on his journey thither, though he left his miſtreſs behind.

I have

I have ſpent two very happy days at Silleri, with Emily and your friend Bell Fermor: to-morrow I meet them at the governor's, where there is a very agreeable aſſembly on Thurſday evenings. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

I ſhall write again by a ſhip which ſails next week.

LETTER XXXIX.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Oct. 18.

I HAVE this moment a letter from Madame Des Roches, the lady at whoſe houſe I ſpent a week, and to whom I am greatly

greatly obliged. I am ſo happy as to have an opportunity of rendering her a ſervice, in which I muſt deſire your aſſiſtance.

'Tis in regard to ſome lands belonging to her, which, not being ſettled, ſome other perſon has applied for a grant of at home. I ſend you the particulars, and beg you will loſe no time in entering a *caveat*, and taking other proper ſteps to prevent what would be an act of great injuſtice: the war, and the incurſions of the Indians in alliance with us, have hitherto prevented theſe lands from being ſettled; but Madame Des Roches is actually in treaty with ſome Acadians to ſettle them immediately. Employ all your friends as well as mine if neceſſary; my lawyer will direct you in what manner to apply, and pay the expences attending the application. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Oct. 20.

I DANCED laſt night till four o'clock in the morning (if you will allow the expreſſion) without being the leaſt fatigued: the little Fitzgerald was my partner, who grows upon me extremely; the monkey has a way of being attentive and careleſs by turns, which has an amazing effect; nothing attaches a woman of my temper ſo much to a lover as her being a little in fear of loſing him; and he keeps up the ſpirit of the thing admirably.

Your brother and Emily danced together, and I think I never ſaw either of them look ſo handſome; ſhe was a thouſand times more admired at this ball than the firſt, and reaſon good, for ſhe was a thouſand times

times more agreeable; your brother is really a charming fellow, he is an immenſe favorite with the ladies; he has that very pleaſing general attention, which never fails to charm women; he can even be particular to one, without wounding the vanity of the reſt: if he was in company with twenty, his miſtreſs of the number, his manner would be ſuch, that every woman there would think herſelf the ſecond in his eſteem; and that, if his heart had not been unluckily pre-engaged, ſhe herſelf ſhould have been the object of his tenderneſs.

His eyes are of immenſe uſe to him; he looks the civileſt things imaginable; his whole countenance ſpeaks whatever he wiſhes to ſay; he has the leaſt occaſion for words to explain himſelf of any man I ever knew.

Fitzgerald has eyes too, I aſſure you, and eyes that know how to ſpeak; he has a look

a look of ſaucy unconcern and inattention, which is really irreſiſtible.

We have had a great deal of ſnow already, but it melts away; 'tis a lovely day, but an odd enough mixture of ſummer and winter: in ſome places you ſee half a foot of ſnow lying, in others the duſt is even troubleſome.

Adieu! there are a dozen or two of beaux at the door.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Nov. 10.

THE ſavages aſſure us, my dear, on the information of the beavers, that we ſhall have a very mild winter: it ſeems, theſe creatures have laid in a leſs winter ſtock than uſual. I take it very ill, Lucy, that the beavers have better intelligence than we have.

We are got into a pretty compoſed eaſy way; Sir George writes very agreeable, ſenſible, ſentimental, goſſiping letters, once a fortnight, which Emily anſwers in due courſe, with all the regularity of a counting-houſe correſpondence; he talks of coming down after Chriſtmas: we expect him without impatience; and in the mean time amuſe ourſelves as well as we can, and ſoften

the pain of abſence by the attention of a man that I fancy we like quite as well.

With ſubmiſſion to the beavers, the weather is very cold, and we have had a great deal of ſnow already; but they tell me 'tis nothing to what we ſhall have: they are taking precautions which make me ſhudder beforehand, paſting up the windows, and not leaving an avenue where cold can enter.

I like the winter carriages immenſely; the open carriole is a kind of one-horſe chaiſe, the covered one a chariot, ſet on a ſledge to run on the ice; we have not yet had ſnow enough to uſe them, but I like their appearance prodigiouſly; the covered carrioles ſeem the prettieſt things in nature to make love in, as there are curtains to draw before the windows: we ſhall have three in effect, my father's, Rivers's, and Fitzgerald's; the two latter are to be elegance itſelf, and entirely for the ſervice of the

the ladies: your brother and Fitzgerald are trying who ſhall be ruined firſt for the honor of their country. I will bet three to one upon Ireland. They are every day contriving parties of pleaſure, and making the moſt gallant little preſents imaginable to the ladies.

Adieu! my dear.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XLII.

To Miſs RIVERS.

Quebec, Nov. 14.

I SHALL not, my dear, have above one more opportunity of writing to you by the ſhips; after which we can only write by the packet once a month.

My Emily is every day more lovely; I ſee her often, and every hour diſcover new charms in her; ſhe has an exalted underſtanding, improved by all the knowledge which is becoming in your ſex; a ſoul awake to all the finer ſenſations of the heart, checked and adorned by the native lovelineſs of woman: ſhe is extremely handſome, but ſhe would pleaſe every feeling heart if ſhe was not; ſhe has the ſoul of beauty: without feminine ſoftneſs and delicate ſenſibility, no features can give lovelineſs; with them, very indifferent ones can charm: that ſenſibility, that ſoftneſs, never were ſo lovely as in my Emily. I can write on no other ſubject. Were you to ſee her, my Lucy, you would forgive me. My letter is called for. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Your friend Miſs Fermor will write you every thing.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, Nov. 14.

MR. Melmoth and I, my dear Emily, expected by this time to have ſeen you at Montreal. I allow ſomething to your friendſhip for Miſs Fermor; but there is alſo ſomething due to relations who tenderly love you, and under whoſe protection your uncle left you at his death.

I ſhould add, that there is ſomething due to Sir George, had I not already diſpleaſed you by what I have ſaid on the ſubject.

You are not to be told, that in a week the road from hence to Quebec will be impaſſable for at leaſt a month, till the rivers are ſufficiently froze to bear carriages.

I will own to you, that I am a little jealous of your attachment to Miſs Fermor, though no one can think her more amiable than I do.

If you do not come this week, I would wiſh you to ſtay till Sir George comes down, and return with him; I will entreat the favor of Miſs Fermor to accompany you to Montreal, which we will endeavour to make as agreeable to her as we can.

I have been ill of a ſlight fever, but am now perfectly recovered. Sir George and Mr. Melmoth are well, and very impatient to ſee you here.

Adieu! my dear.

Your affectionate

E. Melmoth.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, Nov. 20.

I HAVE a thouſand reaſons, my deareſt Madam, for intreating you to excuſe my ſtaying ſome time longer at Quebec. I have the ſincereſt eſteem for Sir George, and am not inſenſible of the force of our engagements; but do not think his being there a reaſon for my coming: the kind of ſuſpended ſtate, to ſay no more, in which thoſe engagements now are, call for a delicacy in my behaviour to him, which is ſo difficult to obſerve without the appearance of affectation, that his abſence relieves me from a very painful kind of reſtraint: for the ſame reaſon, 'tis impoſſible for me to come up at the time he does, if I do come, even though Miſs Fermor ſhould accompany me.

A moment's reflection will convince you of the propriety of my ſtaying here till his mother does me the honor again to approve his choice; or till our engagement is publicly known to be at an end. Mrs. Clayton is a prudent mother, and a woman of the world, and may conſider that Sir George's ſituation is changed ſince ſhe conſented to his marriage.

I am not capricious; but I will own to you, that my eſteem for Sir George is much leſſened by his behaviour ſince his laſt return from New-York: he miſtakes me extremely, if he ſuppoſes he has the leaſt additional merit in my eyes from his late acquiſition of fortune: on the contrary, I now ſee faults in him which were concealed by the mediocrity of his ſituation before, and which do not promiſe happineſs to a heart like mine, a heart which has little taſte for the falſe glitter of life, and the moſt

moſt lively one poſſible for the calm real delights of friendſhip, and domeſtic felicity.

Accept my ſincereſt congratulations on your return of health; and believe me,

My deareſt Madam,

Your obliged and affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER XLV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Nov. 23.

I HAVE been ſeeing the laſt ſhip go out of the port, Lucy; you have no notion what a melancholy ſight it is: we are now left to ourſelves, and ſhut up from all the world for the winter: ſomehow we ſeem

ſo forſaken, ſo cut off from the reſt of human kind, I cannot bear the idea: I ſent a thouſand ſighs, and a thouſand tender wiſhes to dear England, which I never loved ſo much as at this moment.

Do you know, my dear, I could cry if I was not aſhamed? I ſhall not abſolutely be in ſpirits again this week.

'Tis the firſt time I have felt any thing like bad ſpirits in Canada: I followed the ſhip with my eyes till it turned Point Levi, and, when I loſt ſight of it, felt as if I had loſt every thing dear to me on earth. I am not particular: I ſee a gloom on every countenance; I have been at church, and think I never ſaw ſo many dejected faces in my life.

Adieu! for the preſent: it will be a fortnight before I can ſend this letter; another agreeable circumſtance that: would

to Heaven I were in England, though I changed the bright ſun of Canada for a fog!

Dec. 1.

We have had a week's ſnow without intermiſſion: happily for us, your brother and the Fitz have been weather-bound all the time at Silleri, and cannot poſſibly get away.

We have amuſed ourſelves within doors (for there is no ſtirring abroad) with playing at cards, playing at ſhuttlecock, playing the fool, making love, and making moral reflections: upon the whole, the week has not been very diſagreeable.

The ſnow is when we wake conſtantly up to our chamber windows; we are literally dug out of it every morning.

As to Quebec, I give up all hopes of ever ſeeing it again: but my comfort is,

that the people there cannot poſſibly get to their neighbors; and I flatter myſelf very few of them have been half ſo well entertained at home.

We ſhall be abuſed, I know, for (what is really the fault of the weather) keeping theſe two creatures here this week; the ladies hate us for engroſſing two ſuch fine fellows as your brother and Fitzgerald, as well as for having vaſtly more than our ſhare of all the men: we generally go out attended by at leaſt a dozen, without any other woman but a lively old French lady, who is a flirt of my father's, and will certainly be my mamma.

We ſweep into the general's aſſembly on Thurſdays with ſuch a train of beaux as draws every eye upon us: the reſt of the fellows crowd round us; the miſſes draw up, bluſh, and flutter their fans; and your little Bell ſits down with ſuch a ſaucy impertinent conſciouſneſs in her counte-

nance

nance as is really provoking: Emily on the contrary looks mild and humble, and ſeems by her civil decent air to apologize to them for being ſo much more agreeable than themſelves, which is a fault I for my part am not in the leaſt inclined to be aſhamed of.

Your idea of Quebec, my dear, is perfectly juſt; it is like a third or fourth rate country town in England; much hoſpitality, little ſociety; cards, ſcandal, dancing, and good cheer; all excellent things to paſs away a winter evening, and peculiarly adapted to what I am told, and what I begin to feel, of the ſeverity of this climate.

I am told they abuſe me, which I can eaſily believe, becauſe my impertinence to them deſerves it: but what care I, you know, Lucy, ſo long as I pleaſe myſelf, and am at Silleri out of the ſound?

They are ſquabbling at Quebec, I hear, about I cannot tell what, therefore ſhall not

not attempt to explain: ſome dregs of old diſputes, it ſeems, which have not had time to ſettle: however, we new comers have certainly nothing to do with theſe matters: you can't think how comfortable we feel at Silleri, out of the way.

My father ſays, the politics of Canada are as complex and as difficult to be underſtood as thoſe of the Germanic ſyſtem.

For my part, I think no politics worth attending to but thoſe of the little commonwealth of woman: if I can maintain my empire over hearts, I leave the men to quarrel for every thing elſe.

I obſerve a ſtrict neutrality, that I may have a chance for admirers amongſt both parties. Adieu! the poſt is juſt going out.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, Dec. 18.

THERE is ſomething, my dear Emily, in what you ſay as to the delicacy of your ſituation; but, whilſt you are ſo very exact in acting up to it on one ſide, do you not a little overlook it on the other?

I am extremely unwilling to ſay a diſagreeable thing to you, but Miſs Fermor is too young as well as too gay to be a protection—the very particular circumſtance you mention makes Mr. Melmoth's the only houſe in Canada in which, if I have any judgment, you can with propriety live till your marriage takes place.

You

You extremely injure Sir George in ſuppoſing it poſſible he ſhould fail in his engagements: and I ſee with pain that you are more quickſighted to his failings than is quite conſiſtent with that tenderneſs, which (allow me to ſay) he has a right to expect from you. He is like other men of his age and fortune; he is the very man you ſo lately thought amiable, and of whoſe love you cannot without injuſtice have a doubt.

Though I approve your contempt of the falſe glitter of the world, yet I think it a little ſtrained at your time of life: did I not know you as well as I do, I ſhould ſay that philoſophy in a young and eſpecially a female mind, is ſo out of ſeaſon, as to be extremely ſuſpicious. The pleaſures which attend on affluence are too great, and too pleaſing to youth, to be overlooked, except when under the influence of a livelier paſſion.

Take care, my Emily; I know the goodneſs of your heart, but I alſo know its ſenſibility; remember that, if your ſituation requires great circumſpection in your behaviour to Sir George, it requires much greater to every other perſon: it is even more delicate than marriage itſelf.

I ſhall expect you and Miſs Fermor as ſoon as the roads are ſuch that you can travel agreeably; and, as you object to Sir George as a conductor, I will entreat Captain Fermor to accompany you hither.

I am, my dear,

Your moſt affectionate

E. MELMOTH.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, Dec. 26.

I ENTREAT you, my deareſt Madam, to do me the juſtice to believe I ſee my engagement to Sir George in as ſtrong a light as you can do; if there is any change in my behaviour to him, it is owing to the very apparent one in his conduct to me, of which no one but myſelf can be a judge. As to what you ſay in regard to my contempt of affluence, I can only ſay it is in my character, whether it is generally in the female one or not.

Were the cruel hint you are pleaſed to give juſt, be aſſured Sir George ſhould be the firſt perſon to whom I would declare it. I hope however it is poſſible to eſteem merit

merit without offending even the moſt ſacred of all engagements.

A gentleman waits for this. I have only time to ſay, that Miſs Fermor thanks you for your obliging invitation, and promiſes ſhe will accompany me to Montreal as ſoon as the river St. Lawrence will bear carriages, as the upper road is extremely inconvenient.

I am,

My deareſt Madam,

Your obliged

and faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Dec. 27.

AFTER a fortnight's ſnow, we have had near as much clear blue ſky and ſunſhine: the ſnow is ſix feet deep, ſo that we may be ſaid to walk on our own heads; that is, ſpeaking *en philoſophe*, we occupy the ſpace we ſhould have done in ſummer if we had done ſo; or, to explain it more clearly, our heels are now where our heads ſhould be.

The ſcene is a little changed for the worſe: the lovely landſcape is now one undiſtinguiſhed waſte of ſnow, only a little diverſified by the great variety of evergreens in the woods: the romantic winding path down the ſide of the hill to our farm, on which we uſed to amuſe ourſelves with

ſeeing

ſeeing the beaux ſerpentize, is now a confuſed, frightful, rugged precipice, which one trembles at the idea of aſcending.

There is ſomething exceedingly agreeable in the whirl of the carrioles, which fly along at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and really hurry one out of one's ſenſes.

Our little coterie is the object of great envy; we live juſt as we like, without thinking of other people, which I am not ſure *here* is prudent, but it is pleaſant, which is a better thing.

Emily, who is the civileſt creature breathing, is for giving up her own pleaſure to avoid offending others, and wants me, every time we make a carrioling-party, to invite all the miſſes of Quebec to go with us, becauſe they ſeem angry at our being happy without them; but for that very

very reaſon I perſiſt in my own way, and conſider wiſely, that, though civility is due to other people, yet there is alſo ſome civility due to one's ſelf.

I agree to viſit every body, but think it mighty abſurd I muſt not take a ride without aſking a hundred people I ſcarce know to go with me: yet this is the ſtyle here; they will neither be happy themſelves, nor let any body elſe. Adieu!

Dec. 29.

I will never take a beaver's word again as long as I live: there is no ſupporting this cold; the Canadians ſay it is ſeventeen years ſince there has been ſo ſevere a ſeaſon. I thought beavers had been people of more honor.

Adieu! I can no more: the ink freezes as I take it from the ſtandiſh to the paper, though cloſe to a large ſtove. Don't expect

pect me to write again till May; one's faculties are abſolutely congealed this weather.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XLIX.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 1.

IT is with difficulty I breathe, my dear; the cold is ſo amazingly intenſe as almoſt totally to ſtop reſpiration. I have buſineſs, the buſineſs of pleaſure, at Quebec; but have not courage to ſtir from the ſtove.

We have had five days, the ſeverity of which none of the natives remember to have

have ever ſeen equalled: 'tis ſaid, the cold is beyond all the thermometers here, tho' intended for the climate.

The ſtrongeſt wine freezes in a room which has a ſtove in it; even brandy is thickened to the conſiſtence of oil: the largeſt wood fire, in a wide chimney, does not throw out it's heat a quarter of a yard.

I muſt venture to Quebec to-morrow, or have company at home: amuſements are here neceſſary to life; we muſt be jovial, or the blood will freeze in our veins.

I no longer wonder the elegant arts are unknown here; the rigour of the climate ſuſpends the very powers of the underſtanding; what then muſt become of thoſe of the imagination? Thoſe who expect to ſee

"A new Athens riſing near the pole,"

will

will find themſelves extremely diſappointed. Genius will never mount high, where the faculties of the mind are benumbed half the year.

'Tis ſufficient employment for the moſt lively ſpirit here to contrive how to preſerve an exiſtence, of which there are moments that one is hardly conſcious: the cold really ſometimes brings on a ſort of ſtupefaction.

We had a million of beaux here yeſterday, notwithſtanding the ſevere cold: 'tis the Canadian cuſtom, calculated I ſuppoſe for the climate, to viſit all the ladies on New-year's-day, who ſit dreſſed in form to be kiſſed: I aſſure you, however, our kiſſes could not warm them; but we were obliged, to our eternal diſgrace, to call in raſberry brandy as an auxiliary.

You would have died to ſee the men; they look juſt like ſo many bears in their open carrioles, all wrapped in furs from head to foot; you ſee nothing of the human form appear, but the tip of a noſe.

They have intire coats of beaver ſkin, exactly like Friday's in Robinſon Cruſoe, and caſques on their heads like the old knights errant in romance; you never ſaw ſuch tremendous figures; but without this kind of cloathing it would be impoſſible to ſtir out at preſent.

The ladies are equally covered up, tho' in a leſs unbecoming ſtyle; they have long cloth cloaks with looſe hoods, like thoſe worn by the market-women in the north of England. I have one in ſcarlet, the hood lined with ſable, the prettieſt ever ſeen here, in which I aſſure you I look amazingly handſome; the men think ſo, and

and call me the *Little red riding-hood*; a name which becomes me as well as the hood.

The Canadian ladies wear theſe cloaks in India ſilk in ſummer, which, fluttering in the wind, look really graceful on a fine woman.

Beſides our riding-hoods, when we go out, we have a large buffaloe's ſkin under our feet, which turns up, and wraps round us almoſt to our ſhoulders; ſo that, upon the whole, we are pretty well guarded from the weather as well as the men.

Our covered carrioles too have not only canvas windows (we dare not have glaſs, becauſe we often overturn), but cloth curtains to draw all round us; the extreme ſwiftneſs of theſe carriages alſo, which dart along like lightning, helps to keep one warm, by promoting the circulation of the blood.

I pity the Fitz; no tyger was ever ſo hard-hearted as I am this weather: the little god has taken his flight, like the ſwallows. I ſay nothing, but cruelty is no virtue in Canada; at leaſt at this ſeaſon.

I ſuppoſe Pygmalion's ſtatue was ſome frozen Canadian gentlewoman, and a ſudden warm day thawed her. I love to expound ancient fables, and I think no expoſition can be more natural than this.

Would you know what makes me chatter ſo this morning? Papa has made me take ſome excellent *liqueur*; 'tis the mode here; all the Canadian ladies take a little, which makes them ſo coquet and agreeable. Certainly brandy makes a woman talk like an angel. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER L.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 4.

I DON'T quite agree with you, my dear; your brother does not appear to me to have the leaſt ſcruple of that fooliſh falſe modeſty which ſtands in a man's way.

He is extremely what the French call *awakened*; he is modeſt, certainly; that is, he is not a coxcomb: but he has all that proper ſelf-confidence which is neceſſary to ſet his agreeable qualities in full light: nothing can be a ſtronger proof of this, than that, wherever he is, he always takes your attention in a moment, and this without ſeeming to ſolicit it.

I am very fond of him, though he never makes love to me, in which circumſtance he is very ſingular: our friendſhip is quite platonic, at leaſt on his ſide, for I am not quite ſo ſure on the other. I remember one day in ſummer we were walking *tête à tête* in the road to Cape Rouge, when he wanted me to ſtrike into a very beautiful thicket: "Poſitively, Rivers," ſaid I, "I "will not venture with you into that "wood." "Are you afraid of *me*, Bell?" "No, but extremely of *myſelf*."

I have loved him ever ſince a little ſcene that paſſed here three or four months ago: a very affecting ſtory, of a diſtreſſed family in our neighbourhood, was told him and Sir George; the latter preſerved all the philoſophic dignity and manly compoſure of his countenance, very coldly expreſſed his concern, and called another ſubject: your brother changed color, his eyes gliſtened;

tened; he took the firſt opportunity to leave the room, he ſought theſe poor people, he found, he relieved them; which we diſcovered by accident a month after.

The weather, tho' cold beyond all that you in England can form an idea of, is yet mild to what it has been the laſt five or ſix days; we are going to Quebec, to church.

Two o'clock.

Emily and I have been talking religion all the way home: we are both mighty good girls, as girls go in theſe degenerate days; our grandmothers to be ſure—but it's folly to look back.

We have been ſaying, Lucy, that 'tis the ſtrangeſt thing in the world people ſhould quarrel about religion, ſince we undoubtedly all mean the ſame thing; all good minds in every religion aim at pleaſing the Supreme Being; the means we take

differ according to the country where we are born, and the prejudices we imbibe from education; a conſideration which ought to inſpire us with kindneſs and indulgence to each other.

If we examine each other's ſentiments with candor, we ſhall find much leſs difference in eſſentials than we imagine;

"Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
"One great, one good, one general Lord of all."

There is, I think, a very pretty Sunday reflection for you, Lucy.

You muſt know, I am extremely religious; and for this, amongſt other reaſons, that I think infidelity a vice peculiarly contrary to the native ſoftneſs of woman: it is bold, daring, maſculine; and I ſhould almoſt doubt the ſex of an unbeliever in petticoats.

Women

Women are religious as they are virtuous, leſs from principles founded on reaſoning and argument, than from elegance of mind, delicacy of moral taſte, and a certain quick perception of the beautiful and becoming in every thing.

This inſtinct, however, for ſuch it is, is worth all the tedious reaſonings of the men; which is a point I flatter myſelf you will not diſpute with me.

Monday, Jan. 5.

This is the firſt day I have ventured in an open carriole; we have been running a race on the ſnow, your brother and I againſt Emily and Fitzgerald: we conquered from Fitzgerald's complaiſance to Emily. I ſhall like it mightily, well wrapt up: I ſet off with a crape over my face to keep off the cold, but in three minutes it was a cake

of ſolid ice, from my breath which froze upon it; yet this is called a mild day, and the ſun ſhines in all his glory.

Silleri, Thurſday, Jan. 8, midnight.

We are juſt come from the general's aſſembly; much company, and we danced till this minute; for I believe we have not been more coming theſe four miles.

Fitzgerald is the very pink of courteſy; he never uſes his covered carriole himſelf, but devotes it entirely to the ladies; it ſtands at the general's door in waiting on Thurſdays: if any lady comes out before her carriole arrives, the ſervants call out mechanically, "Captain Fitzgerald's car-"riole here, for a lady." The Colonel is equally gallant, but I generally lay an embargo on his: they have each of them an extreme pretty one for themſelves, or to drive a fair lady a morning's airing, when ſhe

ſhe will allow them the honour, and the weather is mild enough to permit it.

Bon ſoir! I am ſleepy.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Jan. 9.

YOU miſtake me extremely, Jack, as you generally do: I have by no means forſworn marriage: on the contrary, though happineſs is not ſo often found there as I wiſh it was, yet I am convinced it is to be found no where elſe; and, poor as I am, I ſhould not heſitate about trying the experiment myſelf to-morrow, if I

could meet with a woman to my taſte, unappropriated, whoſe ideas of the ſtate agreed with mine, which I allow are ſomething out of the common road: but I muſt be certain thoſe ideas are her own, therefore they muſt ariſe ſpontaneouſly, and not in complaiſance to mine; for which reaſon, if I could, I would endeavour to lead my miſtreſs into the ſubject, and know her ſentiments on the manner of living in that ſtate before I diſcovered my own.

I muſt alſo be well convinced of her tenderneſs before I make a declaration of mine: ſhe muſt not diſtinguiſh me becauſe I flatter her, but becauſe ſhe thinks I have merit; thoſe fancied paſſions, where gratified vanity aſſumes the form of love, will not ſatisfy my heart: the eyes, the air, the voice of the woman I love, a thouſand little indiſcretions dear to the heart, muſt convince me I am beloved, before I confeſs I love.

Though

Though ſenſible of the advantages of fortune, I can be happy without it: if I ſhould ever be rich enough to live in the world, no one will enjoy it with greater guſt; if not, I can with great ſpirit, provided I find ſuch a companion as I wiſh, retire from it to love, content, and a cottage: by which I mean to the life of a little country gentleman.

You aſk me my opinion of the winter here. If you can bear a degree of cold, of which Europeans can form no idea, it is far from being unpleaſant; we have ſettled froſt, and an eternal blue ſky. Travelling in this country in winter is particularly agreeable: the carriages are eaſy, and go on the ice with an amazing velocity, though drawn only by one horſe.

The continual plain of ſnow would be extremely fatiguing both to the eye and imagination, were not both relieved, not only

only by the woods in proſpect, but by the tall branches of pines with which the road is marked out on every ſide, and which form a verdant avenue agreeably contraſted with the dazzling whiteneſs of the ſnow, on which, when the ſun ſhines, it is almoſt impoſſible to look ſteadily even for a moment.

Were it not for this method of marking out the roads, it would be impoſſible to find the way from one village to another.

The eternal ſameneſs however of this avenue is tireſome when you go far in one road.

I have paſſed the laſt two months in the moſt agreeable manner poſſible, in a little ſociety of perſons I extremely love: I feel myſelf ſo attached to this little circle of friends, that I have no pleaſure in any other company, and think all the time abſolutely loſt that politeneſs forces me to ſpend any where

where elſe. I extremely dread our party's being diſſolved, and wiſh the winter to laſt for ever, for I am afraid the ſpring will divide us.

Adieu! and believe me,

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 9.

I BEGIN not to diſreliſh the winter here; now I am uſed to the cold, I don't feel it ſo much: as there is no buſineſs done here in the winter, 'tis the ſeaſon of general diſſipation; amuſement is the ſtudy

ſtudy of every body, and the pains people take to pleaſe themſelves contribute to the general pleaſure: upon the whole, I am not ſure it is not a pleaſanter winter than that of England.

Both our houſes and our carriages are uncommonly warm; the clear ſerene ſky, the dry pure air, the little parties of dancing and cards, the good tables we all keep, the driving about on the ice, the abundance of people we ſee there, for every body has a carriole, the variety of objects new to an European, keep the ſpirits in a continual agreeable hurry, that is difficult to deſcribe, but very pleaſant to feel.

Sir George (would you believe it?) has written Emily a very warm letter; tender, ſentimental, and almoſt impatient; Mrs. Melmoth's dictating, I will anſwer for it; not at all in his own compoſed agreeable ſtyle. He talks of coming down in a few days: I have a ſtrong notion he is coming, after

after his long tedious two years ſiege, to endeavor to take us by ſtorm at laſt; he certainly prepares for a *coup de main*. He is right, all women hate a regular attack.

Adieu for the preſent.

Monday, Jan. 12.

We ſup at your brother's to-night, with all the *beau monde* of Quebec: we ſhall be ſuperbly entertained, I know. I am malicious enough to wiſh Sir George may arrive during the entertainment, becauſe I have an idea it will mortify him; though I ſcarce know why I think ſo. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Jan. 13, Eleven o'clock.

WE paſſed a moſt agreeable evening with your brother, though a large company, which is ſeldom the caſe: a moſt admirable ſupper, excellent wine, an elegant deſert of preſerved fruits, and every body in ſpirits and good humor.

The Colonel was the ſoul of our entertainment: amongſt his other virtues, he has the companionable and convivial ones to an immenſe degree, which I never had an opportunity of diſcovering ſo clearly before. He ſeemed charmed beyond words to ſee us all ſo happy: we ſtaid till four o'clock in the morning, yet all complained to-day we came away too ſoon.

I need

I need not tell you we had fiddles, for there is no entertainment in Canada without them: never was ſuch a race of dancers.

One o'clock.

The dear man is come, and with an equipage which puts the Empreſs of Ruſſia's traineau to ſhame. America never beheld any thing ſo brilliant:

"All other carrioles, at ſight of this,
"Hide their diminiſh'd heads."

Your brother's and Fitzgerald's will never dare to appear now; they ſink into nothing.

Seven in the evening.

Emily has been in tears in her chamber; 'tis a letter of Mrs. Melmoth's which has had this agreeable effect; ſome wiſe advice, I ſuppoſe. Lord! how I hate people that give advice! don't you, Lucy?

I don't

I don't like this lover's coming; he is almoſt as bad as a huſband: I am afraid he will derange our little coterie; and we have been ſo happy, I can't bear it.

Good night, my dear.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LIV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 14.

WE have paſſed a mighty ſtupid day; Sir George is civil, attentive, and dull; Emily penſive, thoughtful, and ſilent; and my little ſelf as peeviſh as an old maid: nobody comes near us, not even your brother, becauſe we are ſuppoſed to be ſet-

tling

tling preliminaries; for you muſt know Sir George has graciouſly condeſcended to change his mind, and will marry her, if ſhe pleaſes, without waiting for his mother's letter, which reſolution he has communicated to twenty people at Quebec in his way hither; he is really extremely obliging. I ſuppoſe the Melmoths have ſpirited him up to this.

One o'clock.

Emily is ſtrangely reſerved to me; ſhe avoids ſeeing me alone, and when it happens talks of the weather; papa is however in her confidence: he is as ſtrong an advocate for this milky baronet as Mrs. Melmoth.

Ten at night.

All is over, Lucy; that is to ſay, all is fixed: they are to be married on Monday next at the Recollects church, and to ſet off immediately for Montreal: my father

has been telling me the whole plan of operations: we go up with them, ſtay a fortnight, then all come down, and ſhow away till ſummer, when the happy pair embark in the firſt ſhip for England.

Emily is really what one would call a prudent pretty ſort of woman, I did not think it had been in her: ſhe is certainly right, there is danger in delay; ſhe has a thouſand proverbs on her ſide; I thought what all her fine ſentiments would come to; ſhe ſhould at leaſt have waited for mamma's conſent; this hurry is not quite conſiſtent with that extreme delicacy on which ſhe piques herſelf; it looks exceedingly as if ſhe was afraid of loſing him.

I don't love her half ſo well as I did three days ago; I hate diſcreet young ladies that marry and ſettle; give me an agreeable fellow and a knapſack.

My

My poor Rivers! what will become of him when we are gone? he has neglected every body for us.

As ſhe loves the pleaſures of converſation, ſhe will be amazingly happy in her choice;

"With ſuch a companion to ſpend the long day!"

He is to be ſure a moſt entertaining creature.

Adieu! I have no patience.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

After all, I am a little droll; I am angry with Emily for concluding an advantageous match with a man ſhe does not abſolutely diſlike, which all good mammas ſay is ſufficient; and this only becauſe it breaks in on a little circle of friends, in whoſe ſociety I have been happy. O! ſelf!

ſelf! ſelf! I would have her hazard loſing a fine fortune and a coach and ſix, that I may continue my coterie two or three months longer.

Adieu! I will write again as ſoon as we are married. My next will, I ſuppoſe, be from Montreal. I die to ſee your brother and my little Fitzgerald; this man gives me the vapours. Heavens! Lucy, what a difference there is in men!

END OF VOL. I.